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Punch





STATE EXPRESS 555

*The Best Cigarettes
in the World*



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The London Charivari

THE B.B.C. signalized the arrival of King Bhumipol of Thailand by playing Jack Teagarden's arrangement of His Majesty's swing number "When"—a rather good number, incidentally, which could well have earned its place in the programme even if it hadn't been written by a king. Our own Royal Family hasn't thrown up a composer since Henry VIII, if you leave out of account the bagpipe tunes composed by the Duke of Windsor. King Bhumipol's work is what the jazz analysts classify as "mainstream"; poor Henry VIII's is only too often labelled "Trad."

Betrayal

THIS week saw the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Carl Jung, the last survivor of the Big Three of psychology, and I bet there are plenty of psychiatrists still writhing about on their own couches as they ask themselves why, oh, why did one of the men who had helped to establish their occult profession say so much, in his interview with Mr. Gordon Young in

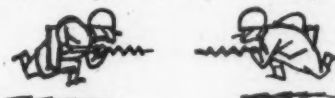


the *Sunday Times*, suggesting that grown men and women might get to know themselves best by themselves, exercising common sense, and might have a better chance of attaining happiness if they didn't pursue it. If acknowledged leaders of the science of

psychology go on spreading ideas of this sort there could be an epidemic of normality. And people cannot be expected to appreciate their complexes if they haven't paid for them.

Learning the Hard Liquor Way

IF Dr. Joseph Adelstein of the Pennsylvania Health Department is to be trusted, drinking is as important as work to the top-flight U.S. executive—"he has to be able to drink to get ahead or just to stay in his job."



Efficiency in any field usually comes from sound training, which suggests a need for young tycoons' O.C.T.U.s with alcoholic assault courses and bottle drill, though a passing-out parade would defeat the object of the exercise. The over-keen type, as elsewhere, must be restrained; otherwise the award of "Dip." to a successful student might be misconstrued as dipsomaniac.

For the High Jump

THE passing of a bill in the Dail to enable the Irish Republic to send troops to the Congo surely marks the beginning of a new era. This must be the first time that Irish troops will ever have gone out of the Republic for any cause except to participate in a horse show.

Badge of Shame

IT seems a pity that garages undertaking the 10-year-old car tests are to display a striking symbol of three



"Here's a nasty blow—the South African Government has refused us an import licence."

white triangles. Motorists afflicted and seeking succour should at least be allowed to have their consultations in decent privacy, and it seems likely that many of them, rather than be seen sneaking into these depots, will continue on round the corner to the nearest three brass balls.

Nothing to do with ETA

A GENERAL lack of drama in the press coverage of the latest volcanic explosion was due to the fact that when Fleet Street read ETNA ERUPTS on the agency tapes it was dismissed as the collapse of one of these European organizations.

Beside the Seaside

THE routine perils of the beach, to which we give hardly a second thought, are currents, speedboats, jelly-fish, bacilli, crude oil, sardine tins, cricket balls and—not infrequently—motor cars. Now the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents casually includes in its list of seaside cautions: "Never walk about with a loaded harpoon gun. Always unload before leaving the water." Suddenly, to us old fogeys, the seaside seems a dangerous place. Harpoons are things we associate with Moby Dick. We are rather proud of our blubber and we mean to preserve it, if we can, from carelessly discharged barbs, with or without flags on. The

Cotswolds never sounded more attractive.

Remember the Old Four-pagers?

THE *Daily Telegraph's* advance prospectus of its forthcoming Sunday sister announces that its style will be "brief but comprehensive." The *Observer* and *Sunday Times* had better take the hint and start cutting their pages down now if they don't want to be left high and dry by a mass switch of exhausted readers.

Time-machine Wanted

THOSE who remember the farces at the Aldwych suffered a pang on learning that the theatre is to become a sort of sub-branch of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford. If only this could have been thought of thirty years ago we might have seen a Hamlet from Mr. Tom Walls that would have sent all commentators back to first base. Mr. Ralph Lynn's *Merchant* might have been well worth a visit, too.

New Scientists

AFTER some stomach upsets at a Newcastle-upon-Tyne school the city health committee ordered laboratory tests on items of the menu, and it seems a pity that these had to be conducted by municipal boffins when they could have added a welcome excitement



"Well, I saw their C.O. Not a bad chap really."

UNPOPULAR CAUSES

A new series, beginning next week, starts with
In Defence of Celibacy
by Siriol Hugh-Jones

to the school's own science classes by being done on the spot. The dissection and analysis of a rissole, the true identification of the dick in the spotted dick—how compulsively would even the least alert pupil follow these experiments. As for the B.Sc. in the acid-stained gown, who thought to be precipitating that tedious copper sulphide for ever, what a thrill to stand with the litmus paper poised over the still faintly steaming lunchtime soup. . .

Reasonable

MY eye was caught by the two current STOP ACCIDENTS posters displayed side by side in a window in Pall Mall. The window belongs to a branch office of the General Accident Assurance Corporation.

Distinction

THE Kenya African Democratic Union, fearing that Mr. Mboya may go the same way as Mr. Nkrumah, are demanding "democracy with freedom." By British advertising practice, this is a bad choice of preposition. For instance "This orange juice is made of oranges" means that it's made of oranges; "made from oranges" means that it's made largely of oranges; but "made with oranges" only means that it contains enough orange for a competent analyst to find traces of. In fact, democracy with freedom is what they've got in Ghana.

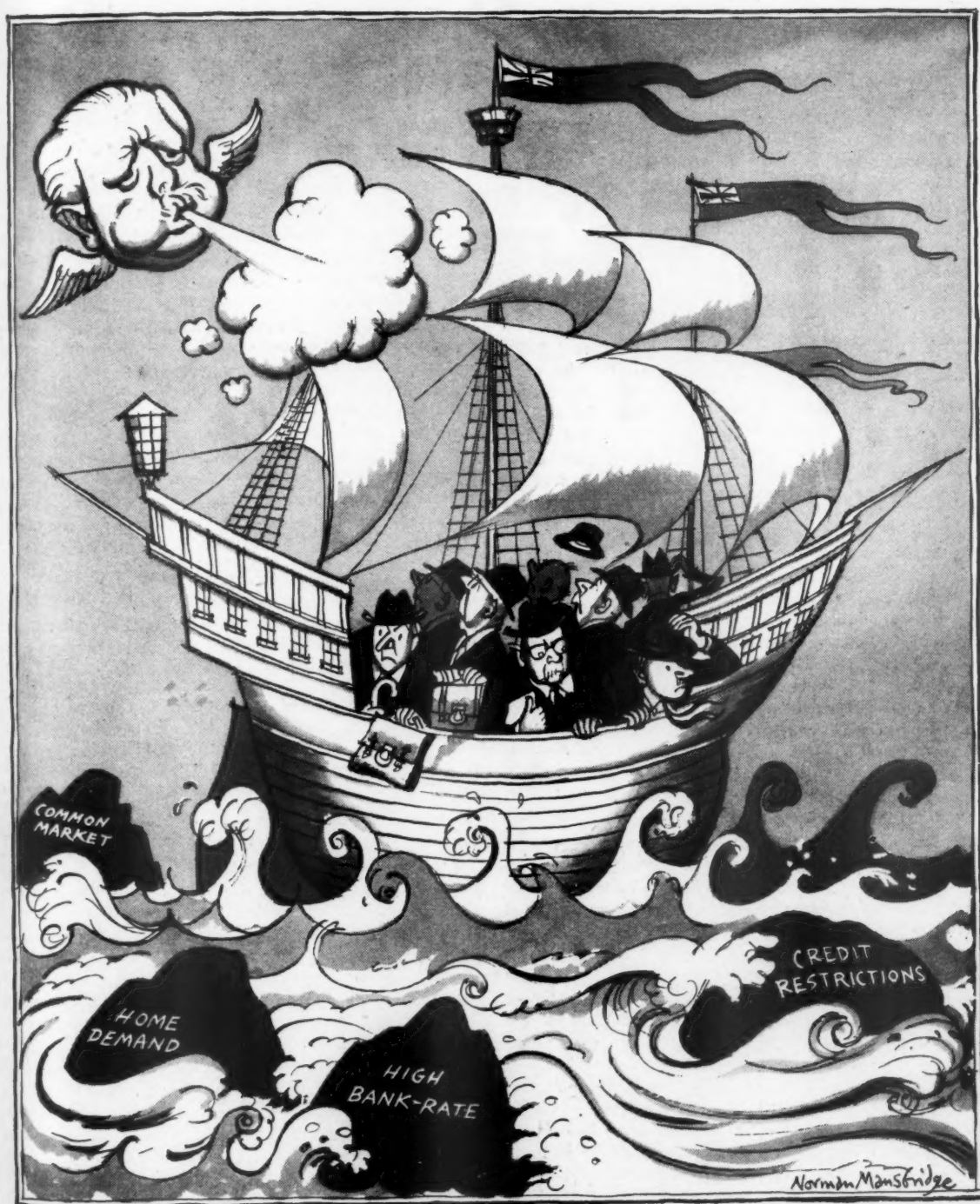
Where were the Fifty-third?

Shropshire County Council has rejected a bill for £710 from the War Office in respect of the use of troops to fight heath and forest fires.

A FAR the heath fires slacken, And Wenlock Edge blows chill. The lads who bashed the bracken Have come up with the bill.

Drum hence the greedy drummer!
Let not the fires return!
On Wenlock Edge next summer
We're going to let it burn.

— MR. PUNCH

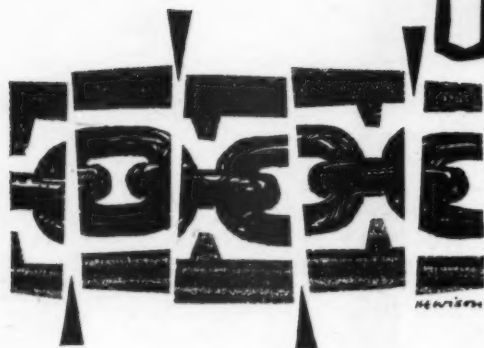


TRADE WIND

"We have always been merchant adventurers in this island."

MR. MACMILLAN

STATE OF THE UNIONS



7



LORD BIRKETT sums up

THE importance of the Trade Unions is that they affect the welfare of everybody in the land whether they are directly concerned with industry or not. The ordinary citizen knows little of the practice and procedure of the unions, and very little of the complicated problems of industry. His feelings are aroused at times by what seems to him to be an unnecessary strike, or by a plague of unofficial strikes which the unions seem quite incapable of preventing and controlling, for which he blames them very much, or because some union has acted in what he thinks is a tyrannical way to one of its members, or for some other reason of a like kind. But apart from these rather special occasions he is content to let the employers and the unions go their own way so long as they do not interfere with his accustomed way of life. I am bound to say after reading some of the articles *Punch* has published on this subject that I have a deeper admiration for the young lady who complained of the Ten Commandments on the ground that they never told you what to do but merely put ideas into your head. For the question left in the mind after reading the articles is, I think, what is it *reasonably possible* to do to improve industrial relations? Clearly there is very much that ought to be done, but it is far from easy to say what can be done. For without endorsing all that Mr. Graham Hutton so pungently and sweepingly said, or more probably disagreeing with much of it, most people feel that it is a reproach to "both sides of the industry" that so many obviously undesirable things are allowed to exist and be causes of hostility and unrest, when with a little goodwill and determination they might be removed and permit a much happier and healthier state of affairs to prevail. The unions are faced with thorny problems of their own but find them almost too thorny to handle with any confidence. For example, everybody seems to agree that there are far

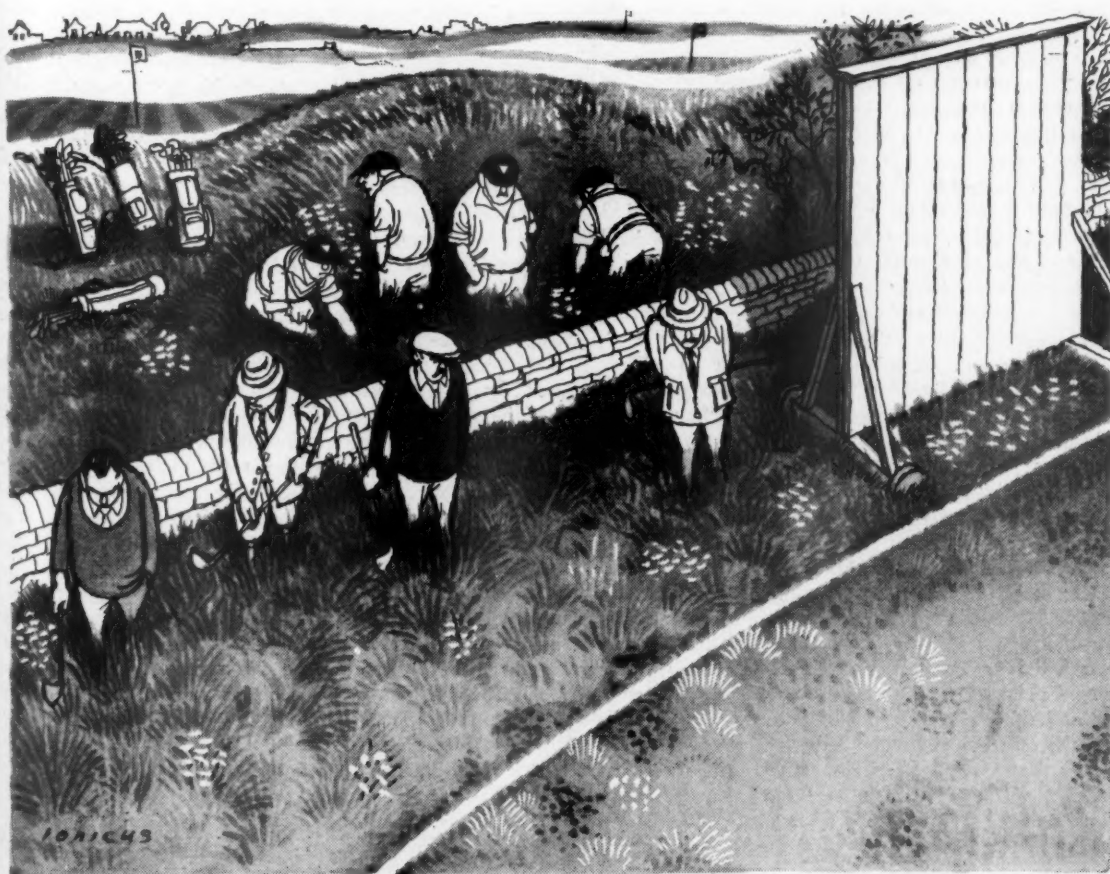
too many unions. Forty years ago there were over thirteen hundred and although they are now down to under seventy there are still too many unions to make the promotion of good industrial relations easy to achieve, apart from the bad effects on the unions themselves. Mr. Harry Weaver, the President of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers, said at Paignton on May 30th of this year:

"Faced with membership and financial malnutrition the British Trade Union Movement is beginning to resort to industrial cannibalism, demarcation struggles, poaching of membership... survival at any cost is blinding some Unions to the real purpose of our movement..."

There are also too many restrictive practices (though few people have any idea of the extent of them) because they are a hindrance to that efficient conduct of industry which becomes increasingly vital in a highly competitive age. But more important still, there is a growing feeling that strikes, whether official or unofficial, should be prevented by the good sense of all concerned with industry. To allow over two thousand strikes to take place in 1959 with the loss of five and a quarter million working days, with the fantastic loss to the unions, the management, and the country at large is felt to be something of a national disgrace. The bitter and continuous contentions over wages and hours and conditions of work ought to be settled amicably, and without recourse to methods that not only impoverish the unions and cause some businesses to collapse, but bring immense suffering to quite innocent people. But what can be done to solve these difficult problems and many others like them? Ought Parliament to forsake its traditional aloofness and intervene? If not, is there any hope that the good sense of both sides of industry will produce the much-needed reforms? It is here that I feel that Mr. Watson and Mr. Woodcock with their

great practical experience might have been much more helpful. Mr. Watson seemed content just to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem with a heart filled with gratitude to its builders and designers. It must have grieved him a little to find Mr. Graham Hutton describing the Welfare State as "the creature of the Liberals and Tories;" and his grief must have sensibly deepened when he read Mr. Grimond's opening declaration that "the most obvious effect of the trade unions is to keep the Tories in power." Mr. Watson foretold great changes in the next forty years, both in industry and the structure of the trade unions, but "the adjustment necessary to survival" which he anticipated was never defined and no details were given. Mr. Woodcock's view of the future seemed to assume powerful trade unions demanding more of the fruits of industry but little was said of the practical means of achieving these most desirable things. Mr. Graham Hutton, by way of vivid contrast, seemed to think that almost everything was wrong in the industrial world and that precious little was right in any department of the national life. The trade unions in particular were sick unto death and the leaders were little better than antiquated Dame Partingtons with mop and pattens trying to push away the Atlantic without success and without much vigour. It seems difficult to believe that Mr. Graham Hutton's world is the same world

that provided Prince Philip with such brave material for his praise of Britain when he spoke in New York, or with the world of industry described in the annual report of the Ministry of Labour for 1959. Mr. Grimond was obviously well acquainted with modern problems in industry and was filled with ideas and practical suggestions. When he reminded us that "the wicked boss and the chapel-going cloth-capped workman" have both disappeared he was wise enough to emphasize the deep-rooted loyalties to the unions that still exist and must be reckoned with in deciding what it is practicable to do. It is no good merely condemning the unions for being old-fashioned without showing the more excellent way. When the Tolpuddle labourers were sentenced to seven years transportation by an unbelievably silly judge it was not for trying to raise agricultural wages from 7s. to 10s. a week, but for administering an oath to members binding them to be loyal to the union. A university don may proclaim trade unions to be an anachronism in the Welfare State and Mr. Hutton may pour out his derision and contempt, but Mr. Grimond is surely more sensible of what the situation requires when he insists that there must be unions, and that they can be of great service, but they must be ready to make themselves efficient and helpful instruments in the modern industrial world. The Reader in Industrial Relations in the University





"George! Aren't you the sales manager at Wilkins & Rowe?"

of London, Mr. B. C. Roberts, has recently said that an independent trade union movement "is indispensable to the preservation of democracy but that unions must so contrive as to promote the legitimate interests of their members without violating the interests of the rest of the community." In the light of all this what is to be done? Take, for example, the problem of the excessive number of unions mentioned earlier in this article. In Britain, with the exception of the policeman, anyone can join any union he pleases and can found a new union if he is so minded. The law has not been very helpful in any efforts made to reduce the number of unions, for the law has always been on the side of the individual when in conflict with the organization. Since 1871 the view of the law has been that trade unions are voluntary organizations of workpeople formed to preserve the interests of the members, and any attempt to deprive the individual of his present right to join any union he likes would be unlikely to receive any support from the law. So recently as 1956 the courts ruled that a trade union could not expel a member on the instructions of the Trade Union Congress Committee unless the expulsion was expressly permitted by the rules of the union. It is this protection of the rights of the individual that makes amalgamation so difficult and the result is that there may be ten or a dozen unions in one industrial organization. It looks as though this problem must be solved by the unions themselves and some unions such as the National Union of Mineworkers are already trying "to streamline the internal organization" as they describe it: but fewer and larger unions present new problems of their own, as Mr. Grimond points out. Clearly, what *ought* to be done, and what *can* be done are distinct questions.

But the question that looms largest in the public mind is naturally the question of strikes. There never was a time when the effects of a strike were more damaging to the national economy. An "unofficial" strike by a few men can lead to widespread stoppages that bring disastrous consequences. The right to strike has always been regarded as

the strongest weapon in the armoury of the unions and it is extremely unlikely that in any democratic country there will be any attempt to prevent strikes by legal action. When Sir John Simon was making his notable speeches in the House of Commons and the country at the time of the General Strike in 1926 he was careful to say that the right to strike (which incidentally he carefully defined) was an essential part of the rights of the British wage-earner and that it ought never to be taken away from him. Strikes and the threats of strikes are never very long absent from the newspapers. But the wind of change blows in many quarters now, and the feeling undoubtedly grows that not merely the "silly and unofficial strike" spoken of by Mr. Watson, but all strikes, whether they hold the public up to ransom or not, ought to be prevented in any well-conducted industrial system, and indeed ought not to be necessary. Compulsory arbitration has been tried but it was never very satisfactory, and the example of Australia with its system of compulsory arbitration and its record of strikes is not very encouraging. The proposal that a compulsory ballot be held before any strike is declared has not met with universal favour and there is some ground for supposing that such a proposal might even lead to more strikes rather than fewer. It is the plainest common-sense that strikes can be avoided, at least at the top, by having leaders of trade unions who are responsible men alive to the changes in modern industry and who will work in co-operation with equally responsible employers who are conscious of the need for enlightened and far-seeing policies. Those policies must ensure that those employed are taken into consultation and treated as people with responsible interests in the welfare of the industry. The annual report of the Ministry of Labour for 1959 makes it plain that this attitude of mind is present in many industrial organizations and that it is the highest wisdom to adopt such policies. The report adds that there were indications that industry was increasingly aware of the need to improve communication and consultation between the management and the men. Good management and good relations with the unions can do much to reduce the number of strikes, but even in a firm where the industrial relations are of the best, if the instruction comes from the headquarters of the union to cease work it is loyally obeyed. It is too much to hope that British trade unions would follow the example of the trade unions of the Netherlands and accept a reduction of wages in order to check inflation and assist the State in its balance of payments. Neither is it at all likely that the unions would accept a centrally imposed wages policy which made wages increase when there was a rise in output of goods and services, and even if they did, it is very likely that they would soon be forced to abandon that position. But public opinion is quick to note and to condemn the strike that is called to secure the payment of wages far in excess of what production in the industry warrants. It is a source of weakness in the unions that they cannot control the unofficial strikes that occur with such frequency and such suddenness, and the position of the shop stewards on the shop floor is obviously one of immense importance. Responsible and intelligent shop stewards with their practical knowledge and recognized by the leaders of the unions as negotiators could do much to prevent the sudden and disastrous stoppages to the benefit of all. It is idle to pretend that acute differences of view will not arise between the men and the management and even

between the unions themselves. There ought to be a completely impartial tribunal for the settlement of all disputes in industry however arising. Both sides would need to agree to its creation and would need to have complete confidence in the tribunal's impartiality. Both sides would have to agree to submit all disputes to the tribunal and be bound by the decisions just as ordinary citizens accept the decisions of the law courts. This proposal sounds sensible and desirable and it is encouraging to find it advocated from within some of the unions, but many unions dislike arbitration in any form,

and would never abandon the strike weapon; and this industrial tribunal seems as far off as the International Court to be set up by a world government. But public opinion is still the most powerful weapon and public opinion in its dislike of strikes can never be disregarded. It would seem that the desirable reforms must come from the industry itself and it may well be that Mr. Grimond is right in saying that the initiative must come from the employers. But without the close and enlightened co-operation of the unions all will be in vain.

Give Us Back Our Imponderables

By H. F. ELLIS

THE Royal Society has had so many well-deserved compliments during this past Tercentenary week, so much praise for its Fellows, its achievements and its constitution, that nothing now remains except to make a complaint about it.

The function of an Institution is to be conservative, to act as a brake on the hot-headed enthusiasm of innovators and iconoclasts, to number among its members a hard and trustworthy core who still believe that the earth is flat. This is well understood by the Royal Academy, the B.M.A. and other reputable bodies. The faster and the more revolutionary the rate of progress, or at least change, in any branch of art or science, the greater the need for the steadying influence of some society or group of giants at the top who like to turn an idea over in their minds for a couple of centuries before sealing it with the stamp of their approval. Only thus can the great respectable mass of the general public hope to keep pace, gradually acclimatizing themselves to the innovations of their forefathers.

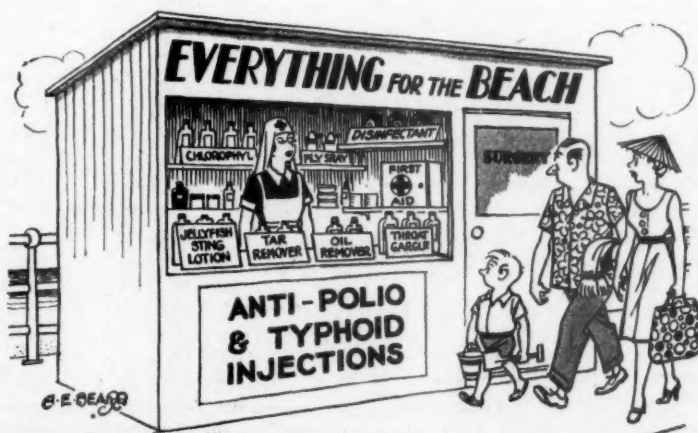
In the world of Science this essential duty was of course at one time performed by the Church. It was understood that any uncomfortably radical scientific theory or discovery would be sat on by the Inquisition, so that men could dismiss the absurd notion as heretical until such time as the passage of years and increasing familiarity had rendered it not merely acceptable but almost comprehensible. By the time it became necessary for the ordinary man to embrace the extraordinary theory about the earth's revolution round the sun,

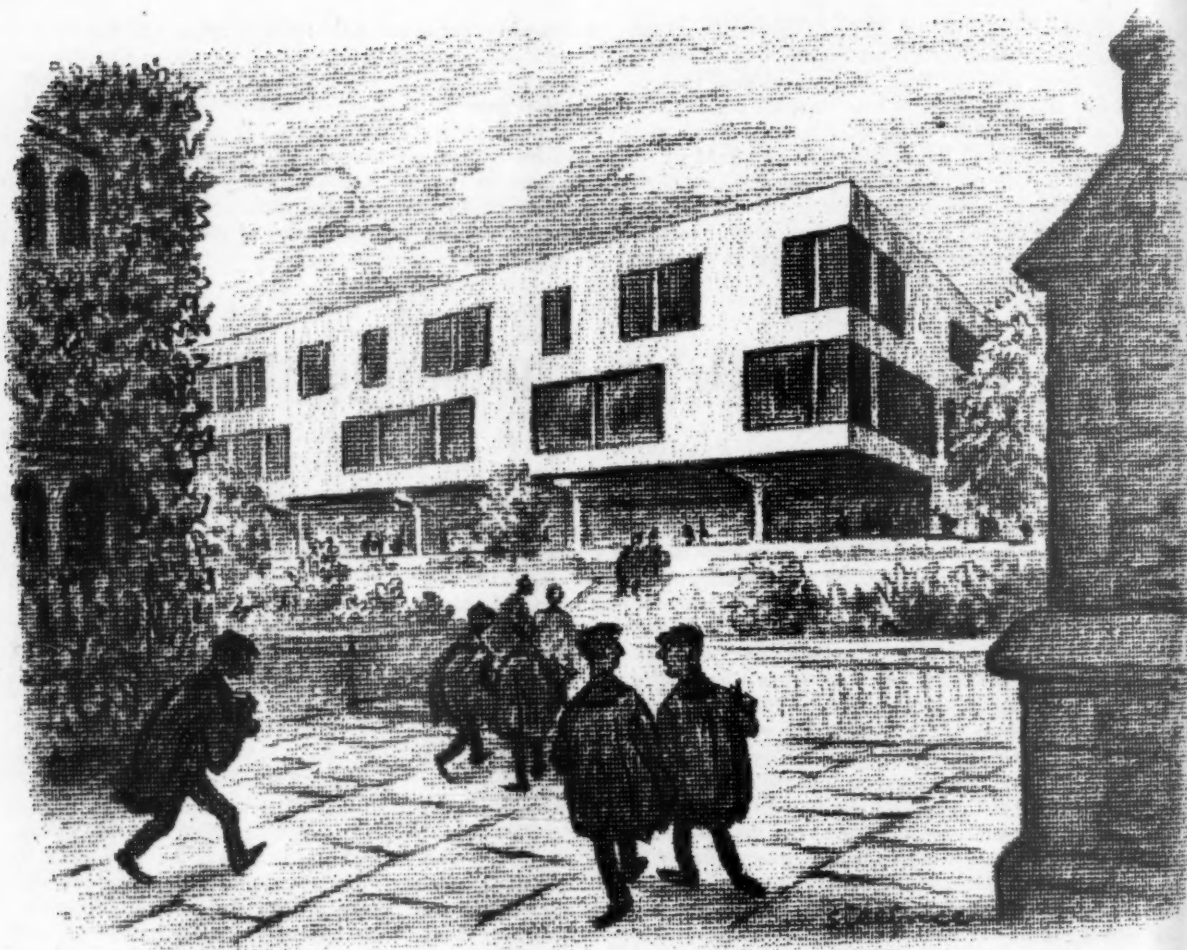
put up in 1540 by Copernicus—by 1822, say, when Rome gave formal permission for the Copernican system to be taught as the truth instead of as a mere hypothesis—the thing had ceased to be a bombshell.

The scientists themselves, in these less harrowing times, helped to break disturbing news gently. Often, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, they let years go by before announcing their discoveries, and even then they would do it in Latin, which takes a lot of the sting out of a new theory about magnetism or molecules. They also disagreed among themselves a good deal, so that if you did not much care for what Mr. Priestley was saying about gases you could rely upon finding a Cavendish or a Lavoisier to pooh-pooh it. Best of all, there seems to have been a general feeling among scientists, which persisted through the nineteenth

century, that a theory wasn't much good unless it could somehow be made comprehensible. They went to a good deal of trouble to invent elements and substances which would account for natural phenomena in a way a decent householder could believe without loss of self-respect. Take burning, which is an awkward sort of occurrence when you begin to peer into it. Somebody took the trouble to think up a stuff called "Phlogiston," a highly combustible element which was in pretty well everything. The more phlogiston there was in a body the more easily it burned; and when all the phlogiston had gone the thing went out. What was left naturally looked different, and couldn't be relit.

You could not ask for anything much more straightforward than that. Other pleasing "imponderables" (as these additives were called that declined to





"It's really quite useless as a college building—there isn't a single worthwhile climb in it."

respond to any conceivable test of their existence) were the corpuscles that Newton invented to make light a shade less inexplicable, and "caloric," a useful fluid that permeated the pores of bodies and made them hot, if there was plenty of it. I don't know how caloric tied in with phlogiston, but I do know that a body which was hammered (an anvil, say) became hot because the hammering squeezed the caloric to the surface*, and I also know that I should have been a firm pro-caloric man if I had been born in time.

Far the best-known and longest-lived

*By the same token soup could be cooled, I dare say, by blowing the caloric off the top of it. But this is a guess of my own and should not be fathered on eighteenth-century chemistry.

of the imponderables, however, was ether. And rightly so. Empty space is not a concept that most people take kindly to, nor is it at all well fitted to assist the passage of "waves" and "radiations" which were becoming more and more talked about as the nineteenth century rolled on. Victorian scientists realized this, and clung to ether with a pertinacity that did them infinite credit. There were difficulties, but an all-pervasive medium of this kind—perhaps the last hope of making the operations of the universe credible—was worth fighting for. As late as the opening years of the present century I find a scientist writing:

"The ether seems to be of the nature of an elastic solid; and in order to account for the immense rapidity of

its vibrations when radiation passes through it, its rigidity must be excessively large compared with its density. It may be asked how, if this be so, the earth can move through the ether at the rate of nearly a million miles a day. But, if we consider that shoemaker's wax is so brittle a solid that it splinters under the blow of a hammer, and that it yet flows slowly like a liquid into the crevices of a vessel in which it is placed, and that bullets sink slowly down through it, and corks float slowly up through it, the motion of the earth through the ether does not seem so incomprehensible. The bullet moving through the wax experiences great resistance to its motion when it has to move, say, an inch in some weeks; but if we give it some years to move an inch, the resistance would be very small. So it may be that the motion of planets through the ether is rela-

tively much the same as that of the bullet moving with excessive slowness through the wax."

You don't find scientists writing like that nowadays*. They care not a fig whether the universe they present to us is comprehensible or not, so long as it keeps changing. At a time when new discoveries of the most shattering kind are made almost daily in physics and astro-physics and bio-chemistry, you would have thought that at least the older members of the Royal Society would huddle together and make some kind of stand for tradition. Even if ether is no longer defensible, there are other concepts worth fighting for. That old theory of atomic structure, with positive protons in the middle and negative electrons whirling round them, had a certain neatness and rotundity that made it intelligible, if not exactly comprehensible. It would be a comfort to think that a few Fundamentalists in the recesses of Burlington House still clung to its essential purity, were willing to warn me against an over-ready acceptance of intruding photons, neutrinos, pi-mesons and sigma-hyperons. On the contrary, these Fellows are all in the forefront of discovery, adding a particle a day to keep the public away. Here is Sir John Cockcroft, F.R.S., who is old enough to have settled down, telling me in a *Times* Supplement about mu-mesons 215 times as heavy as electrons, about anti-particles including *positive* electrons, God help us, and about K-mesons (K^0) that, if I understand him correctly (which I certainly do not) "spin like tops, but only in one direction." He does not attempt to help me by pouring cobbler's wax over the whole imbroglio.

And does Professor Powell, F.R.S., writing in the *New Scientist*, attempt to put a brake on this headlong dash into anarchy? He does not. He is as meson-minded as the worst of them. "The K^0 particle and its anti-particle \bar{K}^0 ," he says, with the air of a man making everything clear, "are mixtures of particles of a new type. They are not simple mixtures." So there is another anchor gone.

*Note, in addition to the gallantry of this last-ditch defence, how the prose style reinforces the argument. The reader can easily put himself in the position of a bullet moving with excessive slowness through wax.

King of the Flash-backs

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ, the distinguished, *intelligent* American motion-picture writer and director, has been visiting London on the occasion of the National Film Theatre's season of his films. At the same time he has been doing the preliminary work on his adaptation of Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*,* which Twentieth Century-Fox ambitiously plans to begin filming, under the title *Justine*, by the end of the year.

Having just finished reading the novels, as though gulping in rapid succession four bottles of *arak*, I may still have been under their influence somewhat when I encountered Mr. Mankiewicz, or (everybody is a multiple being) certain aspects of him, in my very own space-time continuum. It was the first time he had been in it, and, I hardly need add, he was most welcome. He pointed out that I was simultaneously in his continuum, and also, equally simultaneously and just as reciprocally, both of us were in the luxurious continuum maintained by Michael Forster, the Earl of Kimberley's associate in public relations. There we were, Mankiewicz, Forster and I, three points of view, from each of which two persons could be observed by the third. It was cosy enough, but a bit unnerving, too, because each person was observable by two persons.

Well, this is not "The Forsyte Saga," so I suppose the moment (whatever *that* is) has come for a chronological twitch in a non-Bergsonian manner. (If you too don't know what that means I can only suggest that you refer to Durrell's prefatory note in *Balthazar*. It doesn't clarify the Bergsonian concept of time, but makes it seem to matter much less.)

Oh, for a flash-back. Mankiewicz is the king of the flash-backs. He gave the flash-back what can only be called class. Until *All About Eve* the sense of the past recapitulated was transmitted in films rather crudely. Suddenly, ten summers ago, thanks to him, cinematic memories were at once enlivened and smoothened. Recollection realistically

became a factor in present motivation: everyone is the sum of his past moments.

Literacy (Columbia University etc.) has helped Mankiewicz even more than it has hindered him. "My basic thesis," he has said/says/will say, "is that the talking screen should have something to say." In *All About Eve*, one of his Oscar-winners, the film that was selected wisely by the National Film Theatre to open the Mankiewicz season, the talk was so good that he apparently occasionally forgot to move the people and the camera about. After seeing the film the other night (for the first time, surprisingly, since it had been released), Mankiewicz said: "So much talk! I kept repeating myself. There's a lot I should have cut." But many of the people who have seen *All About Eve* (e.g., I) have admired it for its vivid prolixity—after all, it is about theatre people.

Again in *The Barefoot Contessa* (1954) Mankiewicz experimented with subjective time and individuals' points of view, and, as he was the producer as well as the writer and director, on that occasion there was no low-brow carping from Darryl F. Zanuck (who earned his place in Hollywood immortality by trying to get rid of Marilyn Monroe; Mankiewicz told him that nothing could be done to restrain her from stardom). *The Barefoot Contessa* was a brilliant, original muddle. The prospects for *Justine* are marvellous. Durrell (in the South of France) has made it known that he is delighted that Mankiewicz is doing it. I am moved to Durrellism.



"It's not me who's getting a bad deal, it's you taxpayers."

* *Justine*, *Balthazar*, *Mountolive* and *Clea*, published by Faber & Faber, 16/- each.

WORKPOINTS

Landscape-tones: Festival of Britain antiquity. River: oil and mud plangency. Shot tower. Viaduct. Arches. Brownish, sooty. Door like a wound. Womb of culture. Low ceiling and contemporary wallpaper and potted plants. Summer. Wet. Iridescent.

CHARACTER-SQUEEZES

Joe Mankiewicz: liberal chime at the back door of the bank. Virtue and know-how. Confident. Amused.

The Press: Indignation in limbo.

Forster: "Don't you think, Joe, the profit-motive is important? Subsidized art always seems to be on a lower level."

Mankiewicz: "There's a little deMille in the best of us"—Yes and No. "With subsidy comes control."

Mankiewicz great-grandson of Pole.

Mankiewicz from Philadelphia. "Philadelphia Story." Anti-smart-set, otherwise very tolerant. So tolerant, he would allow Gamal Abdel Nasser the honour of having "Alexandria Quartet" filmed in Alexandria, even though Alexandria isn't what it used to be.

Landscape note: The usual dusk-over-dune stuff.

Connaught Hotel: Mankiewicz Suite to which hotel attached as sort of annexe. Telephones constantly ringing. Mankiewicz in black cashmere jacket with silver buttons. Smoking pipe as calmly as though time-space well under control.

Of morality: "I agree with Julian Huxley and Jung... Man is still an infant emotionally... There is no objective truth. No man or woman has ever loved the same."

Olivier for Pursewarden? Scobie a

wonderful character. So many words. How?

"Justine": In colour, certainly; "but sensible colour, not 'colour-colour.'" Ptisan, with vitamins added.

NOTE

If the axis of this article had been well and truly laid, it would be possible for you to radiate in any direction without losing the strictness and congruity of Mankiewicz. But, as the Arabic proverb so aptly puts it, "Life is a cucumber..."

My watch has stopped and I don't seem to be able to find the calendar; but I don't suppose it matters much.

Wish You Were Here

Athens

WELL, there's this Acropolis, and this Parthenon... I went up there again through the little sun-baked streets when most of the cameras had gone, but it was a hard job dodging the small boys who wanted to show me the way (up). Anywhere in the city you can orient yourself by taking a bearing with one arm of your sun-glasses on the Acropolis, or Lycabettus, or Strefi, or any of the other miniature mountains—all in Athens, mind you—from which there's such an astounding view. On the one topped by the Philopappos Monument there were a number of enormous ants and a man doing a crossword puzzle. No dogs; many tiny kittens, whose extreme thinness gives them an odd charm. Women tourists wear decorative Grecian sandals, many Athenian teenagers favour spike heels. A glass of ice-cold water is served with everything, and very welcome; any left over is sprinkled briskly on the pavement. Nobody buys one of the little man's enormous undulating load of sponges. Brief applause means someone on a cafe terrace is summoning a waiter, two or three bangs on a wooden box mean a man thinks he can bluff you into having your shoes shined again. "Salad" is invariably tomato and cucumber slices liberally oiled, and "Yes" is pronounced very much like "Nay." I was very silly to bring a tie.

— R. M.

THEN AS NOW

Punch was rather severe about the inertia of Gladstone's administration



THE HOLIDAY TASK

DR. PUNCH. "MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, YOU HAVE DONE NEXT TO NOTHING THIS HALF. THEREFORE, A LITTLE TASK DURING THE VACATION WILL BE GOOD FOR YOU. YOU, MASTER BENJAMIN, MUST GET UP A 'DEFINITE POLICY.' YOU, LOWE, WILL WRITE A PAPER ON THE 'APPLICATION OF THE SCREW.' AYRTON, YOU WILL HAVE TO GET BY HEART THE WHOLE 'BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.' MIALLE, YOU MUST ATTEND CHURCH REGULARLY. WHALLEY, YOU'RE GOING TO AMERICA—STAY THERE! PLIMSOLL, YOU MUST LEARN TO—AH—MODERATE YOUR TRANSPORT. AND AS FOR YOU, WILLIAM EWART, THE IDLER YOU ARE THE BETTER!"

August 16, 1873



"Oh, all right—wheel it in."

It must have been a bitter disappointment for Mr. Terence Rattigan when his musical "Joie de Vivre" only ran for four performances. By way of compensation we offer this suggestion for a musical adaptation of his current success "Ross." It is appropriately re-entitled

Shufti Bint !

SCENE 1

The Orderly Room in "B" Flight. FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT STOKER sits behind his desk. AIRCRAFTMAN ROSS, alias T. E. LAWRENCE, stands before him under escort.

STOKER:

Your conduct's prejudicial to good order
And to Royal Air Force discipline too,
So if you've no excuse I must award a
Salutary punishment to you.
But you're a man with some education—
Can't you offer an explanation?

ROSS:

O-O-O-O, I went out to dine with some friends,
A gay intellectual pack.
We had whisky and wine
Where I went out to dine,
And I fell off my bike coming back.
They're respectable folk, are my friends,
And we'd hours of intense conversation.
But I cannot produce
This as any excuse
For being back late on the station.

STOKER:

So-o-o-o you went out to dine with some friends!
Well, airmen get up to some games.
You insolent chap,
Take that smile off your map
And just tell me some of their names.

ROSS:

I doubt if the names of my friends
May be asked under R.A.F. law,
But there were the Astors,
The Leicesters, the Worcesters,
Archbishops and Dukes by the score—
Yes, I'm ready to bet
We'd the whole Cliveden Set,
To say nothing of George Bernard Shaw.

Black-out. The lights fade up on a dream-ballet, choreography by Agnes DeMille, in which GENERAL ALLENBY, RONALD STORRS, COLONEL BARRINGTON, AUDA ABU TAYI and the Turkish Military Governor of Deraa remove ROSS's uniform and dress him up as an Arab sheikh.



SCENE 2

A tent in the desert. LAWRENCE is putting on his Arab clothes, watched by STORRS and BARRINGTON in their dress uniforms.

BARRINGTON: I say, it's a bit thick, old chap, what? You're as much like an Arab as my old Aunt Beulah.

LAWRENCE: Ah, but I'm a Circassian. They have fairer skins than the other sort.

STORRS: As long as they have whole skins, eh, Lawrence?

BARRINGTON: Well, frankly I think the whole thing's a lot of dashed nonsense.

LAWRENCE: Perhaps. . . Who knows? . . . At any rate it will be a great test of the will.

BARRINGTON: Come on then, Storrs, we'd better be toddlin'.

STORRS: Good luck, Lawrence. *(He tries to clasp his hand, but LAWRENCE ducks it.)* Oh, I forgot you don't like shaking hands. *(Raises his hat.)*

STORRS and BARRINGTON go back to Cairo. LAWRENCE sits cross-legged on the sand.

LAWRENCE *(sings)*:

Where shall I at last find peace?
Does it come from Ancient Greece?
Here, enfolded by solitude's wings,
Or in some deep dig in the Valley of Kings
Shall I at last find peace?
I seek it like the Golden Fleece,
And it may be my projection of an Arab insurrection
Will bring me in the end to peace.

Enter HAMED, a young tribesman with a rifle and a scowl.
Ah, my bodyguard.

HAMED: *Aiwa. (Spits.)*

LAWRENCE: Allah will forgive you if you refrain from spitting until the end of the present emergency, I'm sure.

HAMED: It helps to keep the sand down. *(Spits.)* Besides, I have to spit now so that I can stop spitting when I get to like you. *(Spits.)*

LAWRENCE: May it be soon. Meanwhile, saddle the camels, Hamed, and let us make haste to join Prince Feisal.

HAMED: *Kuwais qetir, effendi. (Spits.)*

SCENE 3

Headquarters, Deraa District. The TURKISH MILITARY GOVERNOR sits (on an ottoman, of course) drinking French wine and dictating into his Dictaphone. A Turkish CAPTAIN watches him coldly.

GOVERNOR:

I love cruelty, I love lechery,
I love victory, I love Beaune;
I love subtlety, I love treachery,
But most of all I love my Dictaphone!
I get passions for fair Circassians
In curious fashions that I can't condone,
But the loveliest slave, or a vintage St. Estèphe,
I never would crave like my Dictaphone!

(Dictates): To all troops in the District. Watch out for Lawrence, alias El Arauns, alias Emir Dynamite, believed to be heading north on Highway 69. A reward of ten thousand pounds will be paid to anyone who captures this man alive. That is all.

CAPTAIN: You make him sound too important.

GOVERNOR: He is important. He is a menace. A menace.

SCENE 4

Another part of the desert. LAWRENCE is talking with AUDA ABU TAYI and his troops are singing a ballad off-stage.

LAWRENCE: Anyone for menace?

AUDA and his men gallop off on camels to capture Akaba. *Enter HAMED.*

HAMED: El Arauns, before we attack Akaba there is something you must know.

LAWRENCE: Why, Hamed, you have stopped spitting.

HAMED *(adjusting the folds of his robe)*: You will see why. *Shufti.*

LAWRENCE: Why, Hamed!

HAMED: Yes, El Arauns, now you know my secret. I am no desert Beduin warrior. Once I danced at Madame Badia's. And now, El Arauns, I love you, and I will follow you to the end of the world.

(sings) O'er the burning sands of the desert,
'Neath the pitiless skies above,
Take me, kiss me, hold me,
Your Oriental love.

(and so on—sixty-four bars altogether)

LAWRENCE: Hamed! And I—never guessed. But there is sterner work before us now. On to Akaba!

HAMED: To Paradise!

SCENE 5

Headquarters, Deraa District. The GOVERNOR switches his Dictaphone on and off a couple of times. Useless! It doesn't work.

GOVERNOR: Are they still flogging him?

CAPTAIN: It's inhuman! Tell them to stop!

GOVERNOR: Inhuman? Do you know what this man has done? Bridges blown; trains destroyed; hundreds of soldiers massacred.

CAPTAIN: I say it's inhuman.

GOVERNOR *(inexorably)*: In Akaba there was a consignment of new cylinders for my Dictaphone. They destroyed them all. Every one. Without mercy. *(Calling.)* Bring him up here!

LAWRENCE is brought in, and collapses on the floor.

CAPTAIN: No, no! It's too much! *(He rushes off.)*

GOVERNOR: Now, I think we understand one another. You have the plans for General Allenby's offensive? (LAWRENCE takes no notice.) So you will not speak? Then we shall have to use other methods, shall we not? (Flicks his fingers. HAMED (or FIFI, as she is really called) is dragged on in chains.) You see, Major Lawrence, that no harm has come to her—so far.

FIFI: For Prince Feisal and an independent Arabia—and for our love!

(sings) Whate'er misfortune befall us,
My faithfulness naught shall move.
I'll cling to you now and for ever,
Your Oriental love.

GOVERNOR: As I thought. He is lost, utterly lost. (To an orderly): You can release them both.

SCENE 6

GENERAL ALLENBY'S Headquarters at Gaza. ALLENBY is in conference with STORRS and BARRINGTON.

ALLENBY:

The gentlemen of the press
Are crawling all over the place.
They lurk in the Officers' Mess;
They keep photographing my face.

BARRINGTON:

How can we get rid of them all?
They fill me with deepest abhorrence.

STORRS:

Distract their attention
By chancing to mention
Another great hero.

BARRINGTON:

Who?

STORRS:

Lawrence.

Yes, Lawrence must rate as a hero—
They'll all want a story from him.

BARRINGTON:

For me his attraction is zero—
Conceited and cruel and dim.
But still, if you think it would do,
I s'pose we can send him a 'plane.

ALLENBY:

Forgive the rebuff,
But oddly enough
I need him to lead a campaign.

Incidentally, I wonder where he is?

LAWRENCE (entering dramatically): He is here. But General, don't send me back. I'm finished. Send me to GHQ. Send me to Abbassia Transit Camp. Send me anywhere. I'm a broken man.

STORRS (quietly): And how about that will we were so proud of?

LAWRENCE: I've made it and sent it to my solicitor.

ALLENBY: Very well, if that's how you feel, you shall stay here with me and bask in the limelight you have earned.

LAWRENCE: Will it be all right if I back into it?

ALLENBY: Certainly, if that's the way you like it. You can begin straight away by backing into a press conference in half an hour's time.

(sings) The gentlemen of the press
Are waiting to file their stories.
So give them the works
On your fights with the Turks,
And stand by for the cheers and the glories.

ORDERLY (entering hurriedly): Sir, there's a lady to see Major Lawrence.

ALLENBY: A lady?

ORDERLY: An Arab lady. If you will pardon the expression, sir, a bint.

LAWRENCE: No, no! General, send me back to the desert!

The stage darkens. A spotlight picks out FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT STOKER behind his desk and AIRCRAFTMAN ROSS at attention in front of it.

ROSS: So you see, it was quite necessary for me to change my name and sink my identity in a serial number. Ross . . . Shaw . . . Guinness . . . Brando . . . somewhere, some day, in some metamorphosis, I may perhaps find peace.

(sings) Where shall I at last find peace?

In the Palestine Police?

I must bear life's banderillas till I've
done The Seven Pillars,
And then I shall perhaps find peace.

—B. A. YOUNG

Man in Apron by Larry



Powell's Chinese Boxes

By RICHARD MALLETT

(in harmony with "The Music of Time")

"I FIND it tickles my sensibilities," said Oglethorpe. This from him, about a book, was high praise; though the sensibilities thus tickled might have been given a questioning glance by those who read for different reasons.

We exerted ourselves to extract more details from him, and Alfred Spoon, who had not perceived that he was referring to a book at all, went to considerable trouble to find out the title.

"Tony Powell's *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*," said Oglethorpe. So far as I was aware he had never made the acquaintance of the author, but Oglethorpe was the kind of person who would refer to the Prime Minister as Harold after they had made one journey together in a lift.

"What astonishes me," said Oglethorpe, who was not easily or inexpensively astonished, "is the dichotomy."

This word had to be explained to

Spoon. He said "I see," with some doubt.

"The dichotomy," said Oglethorpe, "between the superficial interest and oddity of the characters, appreciated no doubt in a particular degree by those who recognize—"

"Recognition!" Smith said with loud contempt. It was his only remark of the evening.

"By those," said Oglethorpe, distending his nostrils in a way he had, "who recognize or think they recognize the originals of these personages, or certain of their characteristics—the dichotomy between that and, on the other hand, the design of the whole series of novels, and this one's place in it."

"Of course I was in love with Gwendolen at the time," said Spoon.

"In 1937?"

"Yes."

"How strange. I also was in love, but with—someone else." Oglethorpe allowed us to infer that it had not been anyone we knew, though this was most unlikely. The inference was no doubt as unwarranted as that which had led, in 1935, to the disappearance of his car, with Catherine Oglethorpe inside it.

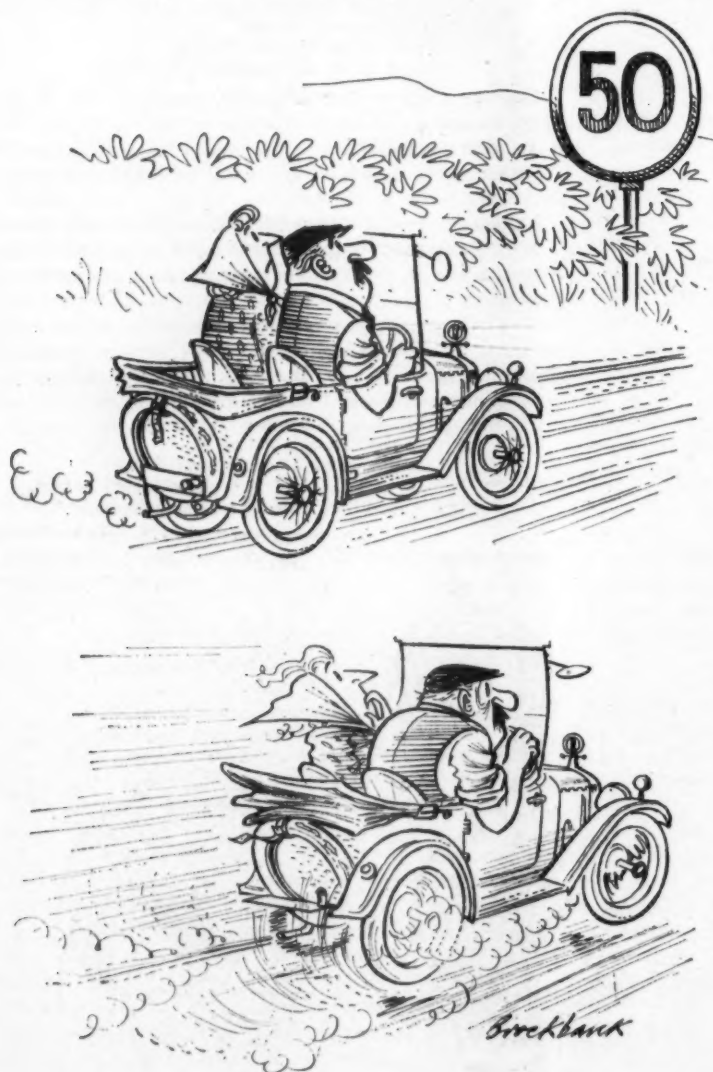
"You are quite right," said George Exertelholzer. "Consider Willy Solvent. I ask you frankly. Do you see him grasping the idea of 'The Music of Time'? Has Willy ever so much as heard of Proust?"

Since his divorce from Winifred, George had displayed a tendency to put to other people the rhetorical questions we had so often heard him put to her. That she did not understand them appeared never to worry him; but I have little doubt that it was they, and not Henry Clouston-Clouston, that caused the final ruin of their marriage.

"You mean," said Oglethorpe, turning stiffly in his chair to inspect a new arrival, "that Willy sees no further than the end of his nose?"

"That is some little distance in itself," said George.

Oglethorpe showed annoyance. It was evident that he would not have



introduced a phrase so ludicrously out of character had he not had his own plans for capping it. To hear it capped by George, who had once asked him how to spell "possess," must have been galling.

The newcomer was a tall woman in a white dress that made her look as solid as an egg-cup. It was when she moved towards the bar that I recognized, of all people, Joan Brickwell, who had in 1937 been Willy Solvent's wife.

"That is precisely what I mean," said Oglethorpe, catching my eye. "The constant introduction of some hitherto unmentioned character, who is presumed to be trailing for every reader the clouds of associations accumulated in earlier volumes of the series, gives a great deal of this one—what shall I say—"

That nobody ventured to tell him what to say seemed to make Oglethorpe reconsider. He cleared his throat resoundingly, as if to give warning of a change of direction; but Joan, who appeared to be unescorted, approached our table, and it was necessary for certain introductions to be made.

"And how are you all?" she enquired. "I'm just waiting for Eleanor and Stanley Corbison. We're going to see the Epsteins. Have you seen the Epsteins, Dick?"

"To-morrow," I said. I was not pleased to be beaten to the Leicester Galleries by Joan Brickwell, whom I had last seen there at the Nash-Rothenstein-Rouault exhibition in 1938.

Oglethorpe was now becoming restive; literature was his subject, not the visual arts.

"It is a *milieu*," he said, "in which the action can frequently be advanced by coincidences which are more defensible than those in Russian or East European fiction only because the society dealt with is so limited in its extent."

"They don't meet people they didn't know before," said Alfred Spoon. He looked round with some pride at having expressed so complicated a thought so briefly; but his effect was lost in the spectacular arrival of the Corbisons.

This inconceivably decorative pair, with whom Smith and I had found ourselves sharing a taxi in the week after Munich, when George's brother Giles had been composing the opera which...



"But I always understood you fellows had a girl in every port."

The Glory of the Garden

I AM the Happy Gardener, he
Whom every man would wish to
be.

Unroll the flex! Run out the hose!
(Away with spades—we shan't need
those)

Fill up the tanks! Replenish sumps!
Ease triggers—gently! Prime the
pumps!

Now watch me as, with modest pride,
I spread a pall of fungicide,
And run my flame gun through the ferns
("It sterilizes as it burns"),
And wield my powered pruning saw
Until the apple trees are raw.

What next? My cultivator bangs
Superbly as it sinks its fangs
In clay, or chews the cordwood through;
You must not doubt that it will do
The other things the booklet mentions,
I paid good cash for six extensions
And I have vowed upon my life
To use each one each week. My wife
Has donned a pair of blush-pink pants

To blast some anticide at ants;
The reservoir upon her back
Is pressurized by Port-a-Pack.
My neighbours now are tough as teak—
Not one has hanged himself this week.
Their mowers roar, their smokes project,
Their leaf-collectors leaf-collect,
Their hoes chug deep, their scythes
rotate,

Their tree-top jets ejaculate,
And endless sibilating sprays
Are puddling up the soakaways,
And not a bird finds orchard room
Where rows of scarers glint and boom.

So come with depth-charge and with
gin!
So wheel the new Midgemaster in!
With poisoned drag and lethal rod
Propitiate the garden god!
But let us never bend a knee,
Or use a muscle needlessly.
We are the Happy Gardeners, we.

— E. S. TURNER

SLIM BY THINKING

No Diet No Exercise

IN his previous articles Dr. Brian Smith-Figett described how he came across a Central American tribe, who, despite eating nothing at all except fried breadfruit, remained lissom all their lives. How he discovered that, without the benefits of civilization, they had nothing to do in their leisure hours but think. How he introduced this system to Europe. How his experiments were a failure until he realized that Worry is Not Enough, that worriers do not range over the whole field of Human Endeavour, but stick to one or two subjects, building up complacency over all the rest. How he proved that COMPLACENCY MEANS FAT. How he evolved Controlled Thinking, which became a brilliant success at clinics in Valladolid, Port Arthur, Tewkesbury, Cannes, etc:

NOW, for the first time in recorded history, you are privileged to read and study Dr. Smith-Figett's BASIC THINKING CHART, hitherto a carefully guarded secret, sought in vain by half the specialists in the free world.



THE CHART






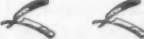



I advise my patients to think for half an hour, three times a day during meals. I divide their possible thoughts into four categories: (1) Public (2) Business (3) Domestic (4) Personal. My basic chart is devised on the principle that *each thinking period must contain items from three of the four categories, and that an item from each category must figure on the chart at least twice a day.*

The Chart was in fact designed to meet the needs of Mr. A., 46, married, two teenage children, four-year-old saloon car. He is Assistant Accountant in a firm of egg-cup exporters, and a keen but moderate golfer. When he first came to me he was two stone overweight, but *in six months he could wear the clothes he had been married in!* He was, in fact, in danger of becoming complacent about how distinguished his new figure looked with his new grey hair.

Of course, Mr. A.'s Personal Chart has had to be modified for general use; I do not expect all my patients to think deeply about a persistent slice or the decline of boiled-egg eating in Canada!

On the next page are details of one of my most dramatic case histories, that of Mr. D., a politician of Junior Ministerial rank whose elevation to the Cabinet was only blocked by his weighing nearly nineteen stone and appearing constantly on the verge of a seizure.

Mr. (as he then was) D. first called on me in April last year, and told me that he had eight yards of material in his trousers alone. He had tried everything, including rowing-machines, but apart from the loss of a few ounces

Breakfast		
Personal Finance or The Younger Generation **	10 mins	
The Day's Work **	15 mins	
The Patient's own Intellect	5 mins	
Lunch		
Promotion Prospects or Office Life **	15 mins	
The Patient's own Honesty **	5 mins	
Public Morality	10 mins	
Dinner		
Scientific Progress or International Politics **	10 mins	
Domestic Harmony **	5 mins	
The Patient's own Character	15 mins	



Mr. D. before treatment. A portrait taken for record purposes on the occasion of his first consultation.



Mr. D. after treatment. A press photograph on his resignation as Minister of Defence to start his own broiler-fowl business.

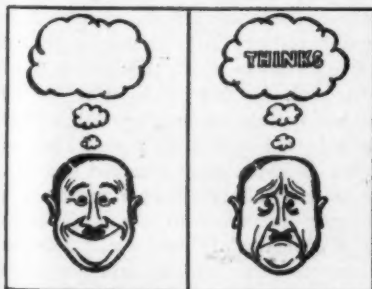
during the General Election his tailor's record-card had remained constant. I soon found that he did no thinking whatsoever. His work at the Ministry was a matter of pro forma and precedent, its very repetitiousness so exhausting that on reaching home in the evening he was too tired for thought of any kind. Sometimes in the morning, if fine, he thought about walking round the garden, but the need to shave and bathe soon broke the train. On the way

to the office he read the more serious leaders, but this was only to see what they thought, and at the end of the day he no sooner began to think about going home than he was in his official limousine on his way to Victoria. Owing to his unwieldy size he daren't think, he said, what his colleagues thought of him. As for his subordinates, his wish was father to their thought and they all had lean and hungry looks which didn't do a thing for him.

Your Questions Answered

Q. I thought your system was the answer at last to my 17 stone 11 oz., but try as I may I don't seem able to think about anything (except not being able to, which has had no effect so far). Are there any thinking-pills or anything which would start me off, as perhaps

Cut this out and keep it in your wallet



Wrong

Right

then I should be O.K.?—Arnold Crown-bladderby, Luton

A. Yours is by no means an isolated case. I am sending you under separate cover the address of Dimwits Anonymous, an organization with millions of members in your position, which will help you to help yourself.

Q. My husband successfully thought himself thin, but when he was thin enough he couldn't stop thinking how thin he was. Is there any way to stop himself thinking before it's too late?—A. Wiskart (Mrs.), Trowbridge

A. He should have thought of that before. You might try cutting down his TV viewing to Westerns only.

Q. Can you suggest particular thought subjects to reduce particular parts of the body? I have achieved loss of surplus fat everywhere except in the upper arm.—Mr. B. T. Cudd, Leyton

A. Ask your doctor to tell you all he knows about muscle dystrophy, then think about it with special reference to the upper arm. I fancy you will soon find your sleeved singlets a good deal more comfortable.

I packed him off with a copy of my Phase One Pamphlet, containing twenty "What Would You Do If?" questions. When he returned a week later he was only able to answer one of them: What would you do if you were alone in the world? D.'s answer, "I often think I am alone in the world" showed the first stirrings of positive thought since (I have his word for this) the Birthday Honours of 1954, when he had thought he might get the O.B.E. The treatment had borne its first fruit. I decided to keep him on this question for the time being. To open up another seam at this stage might cause a clash of two thoughts and the consequent extinction of both.

Ten weeks later he announced that he had lost half a stone, and opened the consultation with the words, "Doctor, I've been thinking." It is true that he had only been thinking that 55 gns. seemed an awful lot in consultation fees for a man who had only lost seven pounds, but I encouraged the train to a point where he had thought that a reduction to ten stone at this rate would mean an aggregate cost of £945. A week later he returned with a loss of two stone, and was clearly thinking about the arithmetic of the thing. In eight months he was down to ten stone.

Have You Decided to Slim by Thinking?

Then you must not miss Dr. Smith-Figgett's further fascinating articles in this series. These will include:

**Does it Damage the Mind?
Some Snags and Side-Effects
including Suicide**

**Thought Transference Can Slim
a Friend**

**The Bluestocking Who
Disappeared**

**Taxation by Weight: a Policy
for Labour?**

Was Socrates Overweight?

**If Thought Leads to Action:
First Aid Tips.**

Previous articles are available post free on receipt of a 4/6 Postal Order and a signed Certificate of Mental Health.

Gwyn Thomas's School Days



6. Outward Bound

How we learned to grin in nature's teeth

ONLY once, in my years as a schoolboy, was I in danger of real physical disturbance. A junior member of staff hit a patch of trouble and decided to drag me in to share it with him. A clutch of serious personal upsets had come upon this man. He had lost a rather strict religious faith in which he had been brought up. He quoted Omar Khayyám wholesale to the upper forms. The governors were told. There were quite a few agnostics among them and they were not against Omar's hopeless view of man, but they warned Mr. Holman, the junior master, to cut out all stanzas praising wine because the anti-drink movement locally carried a lot of political weight. Mr. Holman had also run into some kind of trouble with tobacco. After an asensual youth with that strict sect which forbade any excessive use of the lip, he had become a heavy smoker to assuage his new loneliness. He had overdone it by at least thirty a day. It seemed as if some mounted guilt was driving him to burn himself to death at some private stake. His girl objected to the kippered look he was putting on and threw him over.

Charred and chastened, he gave up smoking and came out into the clear air. His new conviction was that there was an avoidable degeneracy in modern youth and that its victims could be revitalized by non-religious means. In some way or another I attracted Mr. Holman's attention. In the course of one school day he caught me smoking four times. The first time was in a lane I used as a short cut to school and which we generally regarded as a place of cast-iron privacy. I was strolling through the trees enjoying a tranquil drag when I heard my name called and there was Mr. Holman staring at me from between the bushes and pointing at me as if he had proved something. He snatched my cigarette away, threw it into a brook and then tried to pick me up as if he intended that I should follow the fag. He was not strong and he left me where I was. He told me how he had lost his looks,

his vigour, his happiness as a result of nicotine and said he was sure I would take the warning.

During the mid-morning interval I was in the junior toilets smoking and laughing away with a large group of degenerates. I was telling them of Mr. Holman's appearance in the lane and his long, demented lecture about the various eclipses in his life. We were smoking passionately and the air was thick. Then I noticed that the boy next to me looked very much like Mr. Holman. It was Mr. Holman and he gave us all another talk about strength and happiness. At lunch time I was lying on a patch of hillside at the end of the school field. I was resting comfortably on a hillock, inhaling with special violence to impress my audience and entertaining them with a fresh description of how Mr. Holman was moving about like a reforming ghost in lanes and toilets. Then my audience fell still. Mr. Holman had worked his way behind the hillock and came suddenly into view. His face was a detailed map of shock and anguish. And on the way back home he caught me at it again in the lane. It was just as if every time I struck a match Mr. Holman was conjured into view like a djinn. He told me that he regarded me as a kind of test case and he would consider my cure as a step forward in his own life.

The following week Mr. Holman gave us a talk on a leaflet he had read about a school of the Outward Bound sort where boys had their bodies toughened and their characters corrected as a result of long, difficult hikes in which they had to show initiative and live on the land. He said that he was going to start a Moorland Club and he told me to get myself a stout stick and cleated boots because he saw a big place for me on the moorland. When we discussed this we agreed that Mr. Holman must be in some kind of suicidal spin and being a companionable type of man he wanted to take a few of us with him. "If there is anybody," he told me, "more in need of fresh air and adventure than you, we cannot see him because he is probably in some corner on his back. Our first all-day trek will be from here to the challenging wilderness

around Sennybridge. We'll probably have to carry you for the second half of the first outing but that will be your introduction to the true meaning of comradeship."

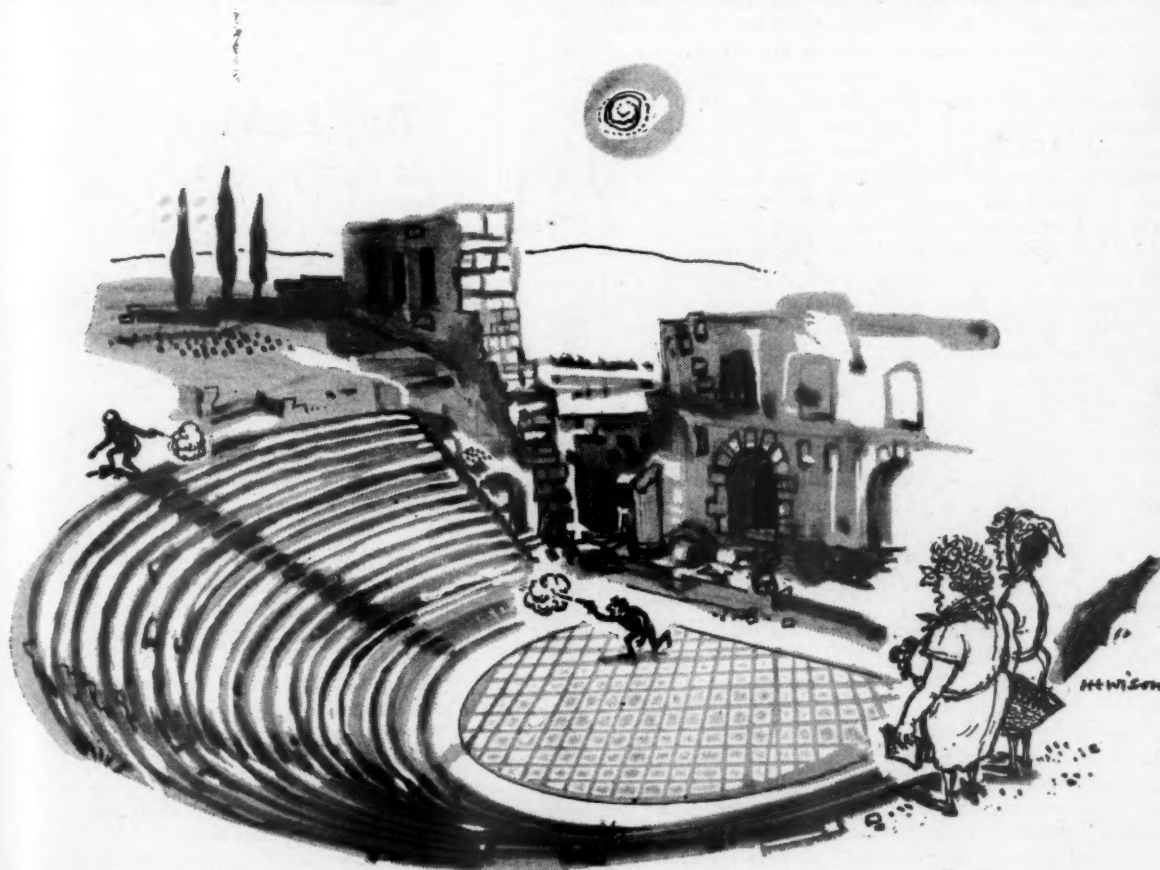
It was late November. The economy of our town was reaching a peak in the history of rickets and its knee-caps were getting farther and farther apart. The weather was bad. I was involved in a dispiriting missionary sketch in which I took the part of a Chinese war-lord called Wang or Chang who was out to skewer every missionary along the Yangtse. In one scene I was sitting in the middle of a stage watching some piece of anti-Christian torture and smoking a pipe of opium. Mr. Holman called in to see this performance and during the opium sequence he moved up to the front row and watched me closely for signs of sleepiness and ecstasy. He advised the producer that in the case of so viciously suggestible a youth as myself the opium stick prop should be dropped in favour of a Mah Jongg set. My friends and I, over the long, hot cordials we drank to keep out the world, wondered why, with conditions generally so dark, Mr. Holman should be so intent on qualifying as an extra knock.

Mr. Holman assembled his platoon of adventurers. Every one of them had some quirk of looseness which, in Mr. Holman's eyes, qualified him as a threat to Britain. I got one

of the group, who was in slightly better standing than myself, to tell Mr. Holman that the summer was a better time for this kind of activity. As soon as he heard this Mr. Holman took me to one side.

"Any fool," he said, "can grin in nature's teeth with the summer sun above him. But to grin in nature's teeth when nature is in a mood to bite, that's what counts, that's what distinguishes man from monkey." And it was clear from Mr. Holman's tone that if nature was slow to be savage he would be behind her, goading her on and pointing out targets. I turned away, with a strong feeling of being about to be bitten.

The chosen week-end was sombre. We approached Mr. Holman on the Friday and showed him various weather forecasts which promised a lot of severe hill-mist. One of our members was good at divining wind currents, snow and so on and we made him our spokesman on the weather front. This boy had been caught interfering in some way with the rain-gauge in an effort to prove that we were a wetter place than Rangoon, and he had been under a cloud ever since. Mr. Holman pooh-poohed him and said that hill-mists in the areas we were going to traverse were always light and transitory. Our legate made one more effort to prove to Mr. Holman from the charts he had prepared that we were not



"Get a load of those acoustics!"



going to be able to see our hands in front of us. Mr. Holman repeated what he had already said and added that any boy who could use a rain-gauge as an instrument of falsehood would never really know the truth about anything. That shut us up.

When we met on the town square there was already a fair mist. Mr. Holman looked at us as if we had been up all night making the stuff. As soon as we reached the first plateau the fog came down like a flannel hood. Mr. Holman's neurasthenia came to a quick boil. The boy who was supposed to be our direction finder and had spent special sessions of instruction with the geography master was of no use. It turned out that the geography master spoke in a very quiet voice and the boy himself had had a heavy cold which half deafened him, and he had missed the point of all the fine hints the master had given him on reading the stars and heading north. He was as foxed as the rest of us and led us without diversion into every bog and fissure in Siluria. Mr. Holman, honour bound, walked cautiously at the head of the platoon and had to be dragged to safety twice, each time with a strong-voiced minority urging that he be left where he was. Visibility was less than an inch. At one point Mr. Holman said that he didn't know whether it was his nerves but the whole world seemed to be becoming warm and woolly. He was astride a ram and nearly broke a leg as he dismounted and the ram broke into a canter. The sight of a sheep's great yellow eyes seen at close quarters through fog does more than anything else I know to expose life as a possible mistake.

Five minutes later we heard the sound of gunfire. "What's that?" asked Mr. Holman.

Some of us thought the ram was back armed; others that we had crossed a frontier and were being called back by guards. It turned out that we had passed a farm where the farmers were on guard against turkey thieves. Bands of men, genuinely misled by the economic confusion of the times, had been roaming the hills stealing these birds and the farmers had formed a united, Malthusian front against them.

We landed up at Merthyr where we were mistaken for a party walking with a peace-petition from Rhos, near Wrexham, to Geneva. We were too tired to argue and we each got a

New Testament from the mayor and a dish of hot soup from a troop of St. John cadets.

Mr. Holman did not repeat the experience. But he wrote an essay on Adventure as a fillip to the nerve-ends of the slacker Jacks in the C stream which was printed in the journal of the Institute of Assistant Masters. He became a headmaster young.

Next week: Round the Bend in the Gym



Part Exchange

IT used to be easy to dazzle the natives
With blankets and bangles and beads,
But are we much smarter believing that barter
Is still what the foreigner needs?

What seems to have started with teachers' exchanges
Between the Dominions and us
Has led to abuses and feeble excuses
For name-dropping don-swapping fuss.

Professors of fission aglow with ambition,
Postgraduates eager to please—
They get no promotion this side of the ocean
So try for a grant overseas.

From people's republics come tough *corps de ballet*:
And meanwhile our actors commute
Across the Atlantic (it's driving them frantic
That critics are following suit).

What we need now is a trio of leaders—
A top interchangeable three;
Unflappable, golf-playing, yes-maybe-no saying,
Ready by rota to be

Insulting, disarming (in both senses), charming,
Consistent or moved by caprice . . .
When bored by these Caesars we'll tear up our visas
And visit each other in peace.

— ANTHONY BRODE

In Thousands of Carriages Every Day

By R. G. G. PRICE

RUNNING on time this morning. That's odd. All finished the crossword? Now for general conversation. Gedge, you have your *Daily Express* open at the leader page. What's to-day's Talking Point?"

"Women can discover anything except the obvious"—Oscar Wilde."

"H'm. Would you warm us up on this, Fanshawe-Fazackerly?"

"Certainly, Osway. My wife spent most of last evening looking for some grey braid that was lying on her tambour-frame all the time, ha-ha!"

"Oscar Wilde wasn't thinking of material things. Yes, Grist?"

"You haven't the slightest idea what

Wilde was thinking of. For all his endless talk about Art he was a materialist through and through. I suppose it is hopeless to expect a chartered estimator to realize——"

"I will ignore this ill-judged intervention and give my own view: Women are the subtle sex."

"My wife often argues upside-down. Would that be what the Editor wants us to talk about—how mind-training might help women? What do you think, Foster?"

"He wants us to talk about Oscar Wilde. The words before the proper name are put in just to increase interest."

"Really? That is quite a new idea to

me, Mr. Foster. I happen to have an old copy in my case. 'A reporter is always concerned with to-morrow'—Edward Murrow. How would you tackle that?"

"Come, come. The conversation is losing its shape. We all agree, I am sure, that reporters are so anxious about whether their story will appear in the paper next day that they are sometimes careless about the investigations they make while writing it. Yes, Gedge?"

"Surely, Mr. Osway, the Editor would never want to start his readers talking against reporters? You'll notice he doesn't say that reporters can discover anything except the obvious."

"What is perfectly obvious is that



"Aye, bear right at the 'Woolpack', left at the 'Queen's Head', past the 'Lamb & Flag' and you'll see the Town Hall right next to the 'Roebuck'."

we have got off on the wrong foot. Wilde was wrong and even a chartered estimator——"

"I always point out to my wife, when I am telling her about my day, that we carry on from where the Talking Point takes us to. We don't turn back on it and rend it to pieces, Grist. We don't look a gift horse in the mouth."

"I've always thought, and nearly as often said, that if a horse's teeth are its strong point it is only polite to look at them."

"Order, please, Grist. If we treat one another's *obiter dicta* as additional Talking Points we shall get nowhere."

"I wasn't treating it as a Talking Point at all. *The Times* would probably call it an epigram. In the obituaries the other day it said 'Clear their minds of cant' was one of the subject's epigrams. Come on, Gedge, you're not talking much this morning. Take the floor, man, and strike sparks off our Chairman."

"I think it's a misprint for 'Women can discover *nothing* except the obvious.' It's a slur on womanhood and I resent it."

"Excuse my butting in, but after all this is public transport. Windleby's my name. I always travel with the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. I've just found this under *Women*. 'I recognized her as a woman who used to work years ago for my old aunt at Clapham.' It's from *The Diary of a Nobody*."

"What of it? It's not a Talking Point."

"How do you know it won't be?"

"I propose to ignore this side issue. Why cannot women see what is under their noses? Perhaps, Foster, you would pursue that line a little?"

"Because they are always concerned with to-morrow. Their attention is never concentrated on what they are actually doing. Murrow is dead right."

"My wife can never remember people's faces, but she can always remember their telephone numbers."

"Here we are and there's another journey gone without our reaching a conclusion. Perhaps if you fellows would solve your crosswords a bit faster and let us spend longer on conversation we might be more credit to the *Daily Express*."

"I shudder to think what we sound like if any *Telegraph* readers are eavesdropping."

"That is an unprofitable speculation, Grist. Come along or we shall be late."

"All Seasons, please."

"My good girl, I'm holding my ticket right under your nose. As Oscar Wilde said . . ."

The Price of Milk

By BARRY ARGYLE

"THIS is a moment pregnant with destiny," I wrote to Mr. Eliot in South Australia. I was seventeen at the time and had been learning a slab of Macaulay's sonorous prose for a school Speech Day oration. The quotation seemed impressively apt in 1950 when I thought, along with a lot of other people, that emigration was the answer to a great many troubles, both personal and public. I had read an advertisement in the *Farmer and Stockbreeder* for an energetic young Englishman to go to South Australia and help Mr. Eliot do his bit for the

Commonwealth by making his Jersey cows produce more milk.

Mr. Eliot was on the wharf at Port Adelaide to meet me. He was easily distinguishable, as he had told me he would be, by his brown pork-pie hat and new tweedy clothes. He had, so I heard later from George, somehow or another come into a lot of money recently and put it into cows and land rather than the Treasury, and bought the hat and tweeds at about the same time as he bought Annabelle Chiswick 2nd of Moonta, the foundation member of the Santanga herd. He grasped me



by the shoulder, welcomed me in an easy flow of polite obscenities, and breezed me through the customs sheds into his huge Nash. I had never been in such a large car, and said so.

"Got to have 'em in Australia, son; and only the Yanks make them. So we buy Yankee. Tough on the old country, but you can't rule the midden for ever." I said no, and thought of the bleak austerity of Britain's last ten years. "To rule the midden" seemed too rich a simile.

Eliot drove me down to his holding, which I annoyingly kept calling a farm. I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Turner, who were to board me. They were very kind to me, and explained that I could not stay with the farm manager's wife because she did not want anyone who wasn't one of her own. The Turners were more tolerant, the old man explained; they didn't mind Englishmen, in fact they had known some pretty good sorts, hadn't they, Mum? Mum said yes, but she drew the line at Eyetalianians, she said, chasing outside as many of the large luminous blue blow-flies as she could round-up with the day's copy of the *Advertiser*. The blow-flies took the hint, buzzed off round the back of the asbestos bungalow, through the little tin house at the bottom of the garden, and in through a hole in the front bedroom fly-screen. I fed well on jam, and cream I had not tasted before, unpacked my bags in the boarded-up part of the veranda that was my room, and went to bed.

Next morning I was up at six. Eliot had said he wanted me on the holding sharp at seven. Mrs. Turner decked me out in some of her son's old Army togs, and off I went along the hundred yards or so to the farm.

Eliot was not there, so George met me. George was the pigman, who had been brow-beaten into forsaking his pigs for the cows, just for one bloody day, mind, he explained. It seemed that O'Neill, the cow genius, had left the night before on some distant business.

George could neither read nor write but, unlike most illiterates, did not look down on those who could. He was silently kind to men and pigs, and startlingly cruel to cows. He hated them for their bloody stupidity, he said. He showed me what to do. I ladled out the correct amounts of pollard and cake



"Bedtime, Nicholas."

for Jerseys destined to produce more milk. I arranged the cups on a Lawrencian vision of bovine teats, and shovelled up and washed them down when any animals disgraced themselves. I learnt to control the separator so that I could vary the thickness of the cream to my own tastes, and I learnt to wash up the cans and machinery after the milking. As well, I was taught how to feed calves and placate bulls. That was my thirteen-hour day as it usually went, plus of course the bringing and taking of the cows to and from the sheds. I was allowed at these times to ride a horse, a grey thing that bit you when you moved in front of it and kicked you when you went behind. We got on very well together, because I quickly came to understand its frustrated intellect. There was not much for either of us in Eliot's system of scientific agriculture. The horse was given its tucker and I was given mine while I could not pay for it. The boss seemed to have great difficulty in ever having change small enough to pay me my three pounds a week. I once precociously suggested that as the basic wage was over ten pounds a week, he need not worry about small change—a fiver would do instead. He started talking about the next show, and how I would have to lead the champion round the ring. Mrs. Turner said she understood, when I told her.

After six weeks I did discover for a short time how to make a little money. Tommy Bass, the builder who was constructing some palatial sties for George's pigs, asked me if I played cricket. I told him I not only played it but loved it. I was invited up to Virginia Waters to play. I told Eliot the next day when he drove up from town in a cloud of dust. Eleven was his usual time of arrival, but that day he came at ten to play with his new artesian bore. Yes, he said, you can have the afternoon off, but it'll be a waste of time. No bloody Englishman could play cricket. We arranged that he should pay me a shilling for every run I scored. It was the kind of betting I liked.

When I told O'Neill about the day off—or, rather, half-day, he was unaccountably angry. I explained I hadn't had one day off, not even a Sunday, in six weeks, but he said the cows hadn't either, and they were the racket we were supposed to be playing, not cricket.

I scored thirty-odd and on the Sunday Eliot squared his account. He paid me the cricket money, which had taken all his change. I would have to wait for the balance of eighteen pounds.

The next Wednesday, a very hot day, I was privileged to accompany Eliot to the top paddock, where he had his new pump sucking water out of the earth.

The four thousand gallons per hour of grey liquid were eventually to grow a profusion of luscious grasses all in small banked compartments of about fifty yards by twenty-five. Along the top bank of these ran the main channel from the pump. The pair of us spent the times between milkings angling unwilling water through breaks in the mud walls so that the new grasses, as yet anæmic blades, were irrigated. I was appointed to look after the New Zealand rye patch while Eliot busied himself with some species of clover. I had been puddling about in the mud with my long-handled shovel, easing brown streams round outcrops of root and stone, when Eliot called a halt. We leaned on our shovels, wiping the sweat and flies from our faces.

"Just look at it, son," he said, pointing the fifteen miles along the plain to the shimmering city. "D'you fancy being cooked up in one of those offices on a day like this? Not likely. This is the bloody life. It's healthy, son. And if you work hard and just bide your time, there's no reason why you shouldn't have a place like this one. All you've got to do is wait for a slump, and buy cheap. There's nothing to it."

I said yes, and wondered how many runs I would have to score before I had

enough money to buy myself any sort of a place, even at slump prices. The total seemed a large one, and I suppose I became a Socialist at about that time. There seemed to me, even at the age of seventeen, to be a certain callousness in his philosophy, the feeling that perhaps he was sorry the convict system had ever stopped.

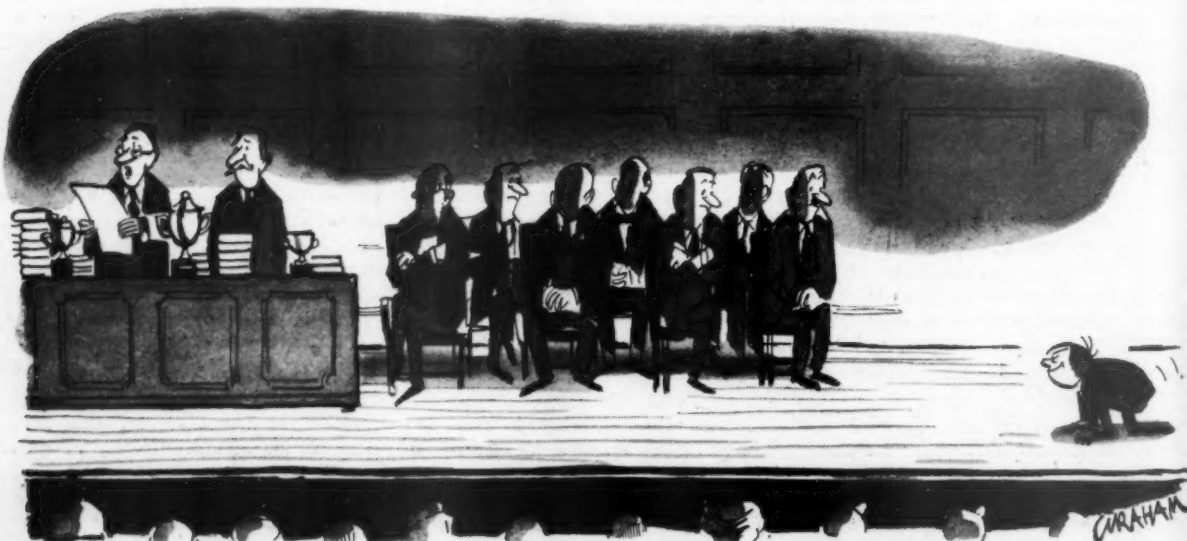
The next Saturday came and I innocently told O'Neill I would be going to finish the match begun the week before. He became unnaturally red and his breathing seemed oddly constricted before he told me I could do one or all of many things, none of them pleasant, if I did not come back after lunch. My English sense of not-letting-the-side-down practically obliged me to go to Virginia. I was rather glad later in the afternoon as I noted my second-innings score of forty-six. Money seemed to be coming my way.

When I got back just after the evening milking had finished O'Neill was noisily washing the cans himself. When I offered to help he seemed unwilling to share his labours. Eventually he got his voice back and used it fluently on me. He seemed to suggest there was not much point to my staying with the Santango Jersey Stud any longer. I readily agreed with him, but he said I had another two weeks to

stay. Two weeks was the law, he said, and of course I respected it. It would give me a chance too collect my wages, by then twenty-seven pounds, and my cricket earnings.

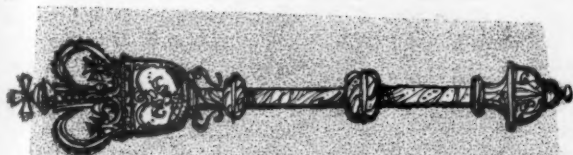
Eliot appeared to take O'Neill's part at our farewell meeting. He was oddly ready to pay me what he owed; in fact he had it all on a piece of paper ripped out of the stud-book. At the top was the total of twenty-seven pounds and under it deductions for insurance, "etc.", and my passage money of ten pounds, which he had converted into Australian currency of twelve pounds, five shillings. I explained that as I was under eighteen, five pounds was the fare in English money, and anyway my parents had paid that before I left England. He refused to haggle and handed me the balance: eleven pounds, nine and threepence. It seemed hardly worth while inquiring about the forty-six shillings for "runs scored." Eliot seemed to be no longer in sporting mood.

I said good-bye to George because I liked him; but even he seemed pre-occupied. He was concentrating on clouting the heads of three young bull calves with the blunt end of an axe. I felt sorry for them because they were, like me, economically unprofitable.



"The athletics cup goes to . . ."

Essence



of Parliament

THE man who asked the psychiatrist to cure him of his inferiority complex was told that his cure was impossible because, said the psychiatrist, "the trouble with you is that you are inferior." So in the same way it is perhaps

**Land Values
Are Dull**

idle to complain that a debate on land values is dull because land values are dull. Indeed one suspects that that was the reason why the Socialist front bench selected it and why they debated it in such a way that it was not in order for them to propose any legislative remedy. For, though Mr. Gaitskell had some striking examples to give of inordinate accretions of land values, yet doubtless the great merit of the subject for him was that clearly only a minute fraction of his supporters understood one word that he was saying. They were therefore not instructed enough to revolt. More intelligible subjects might have been more dangerous. Mr. Brooke answered stubbornly but bravely, but for one cause at least he deserves eternal thanks. He not only—a rare thing among politicians—got the story of King Canute right but he even added to it a novel and very passable joke. He spoke of Canute's courtiers and Mr. Gaitskell "telling the tide it ought to turn and threatening to tax it if it didn't." Meanwhile the House of Lords was agreeing as a statesmanlike compromise that ice-cream men should be allowed to ring their bells only between noon and seven instead of, as originally proposed, only between noon and half-past seven. It was not good enough for Earl Attlee, who, though they do not do such things at Cherry Cottage, knows of a night-watchman at Greenwich who sleeps for precisely those ice-cream-ringing hours.

The House had come round on Tuesday expecting to hear a statement from the Prime Minister on the reply to the Russian note, but the personal letter to Mr. Khrushchev was more

**Khrushchev and
the Welsh**

than they had bargained for. Since for better or worse the letter had been sent, Mr. Gaitskell was quite right to wish it well. But after he had had time to get his breath Lord Hinchinbrooke wanted to know whether in future such reconnaissances from British bases could not be carried out by British planes. The Prime Minister shot that one down. If we had allies we must co-operate with them. Mr. Emrys Hughes thought that the Prime Minister should not have sent a letter to Mr. Khrushchev unless he was also sending one to President Eisenhower, but it was the Speaker who would not let that one by.

In the Welsh debate there were very properly a number of tributes to Aneurin Bevan, but what would have surprised and shocked Bevan, I fancy, would have been the discovery of the number of Welsh Members who these days read their

speeches. They are even worse than the English. The Speaker, appealed to check reading the day before, had tartly answered "I do not mind so long as he gets on with it." And Welshmen took the hint—took the hint, that is to say, about the Speaker not minding. I do not know that they so much took the hint about getting on with it. Mr. Pearson who opened seemed to read it all word for word, and as the greater part of it consisted of platitudes of the nature of "it is better to be well than ill" I do not know that it was so very much worth reading.

Defence on Wednesday. Mr. Brown started off by accusing the Government of having shifted its ground and Mr. Watkinson started off by accusing the Opposition of having shifted its ground. Like the politician in

**Defence
Defended**

Lady Adela who began all his sentences alternately with "I need not say" and "I do not hesitate to repeat," both were right. Mr. Brown of course confesses that he has shifted his ground. He was forced to it, he argues, by the failure of the Government's policy. One cannot support that which does not exist, but now, he argues, he has the backing "both of informed and of civilized opinions." It is a curious and novel division of the human race, but who knows but that it is a correct one? The Front Bench criticisms of one another did not get us very much further. What everybody did want to know was whether Mr. Watkinson's claim that our conventional forces were now adequate was justified. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Colonel Wigg and Mr. Grimond were all highly doubtful, and Mr. Head—one may guess—would have been highly doubtful too had he not been otherwise engaged in packing for Nigeria. Mr. Watkinson is such a master of jargon—even for a Minister of the Crown—that it is quite impossible to know what he is saying. That is perhaps the object of the exercise. Army recruitment, he hold the House, is "in sight of their minimum target," which means, if you analyse it, that it is insufficient; though if you do not analyse it it sounds as if it means that it is sufficient.

With all the will in the world and when all the cracks and counter-cracks have been made and remade and forgotten, it is not easy to know what ought to be done about regulating

**Political
Expenses**

election expenses. The old plan was frankly to admit that a long purse was an advantage—to attempt, not very effectively, to control the grosser forms of bribery, but within those limits to let the rich candidate get on with it. Then there came in the notion of limiting expenditure so as to give the poor man a fair chance. But, as Mr. Gordon Walker said, in so far as elections are contests between the parties and contests that are mainly fought out before the period of an election, the personal expenses of the individual candidates are fairly irrelevant and the party that can command the larger resources, directly or indirectly, has an inevitable advantage. But the trouble about the debate was that no one on either side could really see how this could be prevented. Mr. Gordon Walker and the Socialists only proposed an inquiry. They did not pretend that they themselves could answer all the difficulties. No doubt Mr. Gordon Walker is right in saying that the power of money is indecently great to-day in the Conservative party. But there can equally be no doubt that Sir Toby Low is right in saying that the reason why Conservative money is so powerful is that there is no Socialist faith to oppose to it. Mr. Curran argued that the election was won for the Conservatives by writers like George Orwell. If so, he should have added the rider that this proves that writers' influence is entirely negative, for though Orwell did a good deal to undermine faith in the Left he never said a word to create faith in the Right. There was probably only one body which Orwell would have disliked more than the modern Socialist party, and that is the modern Conservative party.

—PERCY SOMERSET

In the City



Export or—

IN the days of Stafford Cripps it used to be "export or die." This used to be the encouragement pinned on the walls of factories and offices—as inept a piece of psychology as has ever been perpetrated on British industry, its workers and managers. For tact and effectiveness, however, there is not much to choose between the death note of that exhortation and the banner of "Export-freudigkeit" which Prime Minister Macmillan last week nailed to Britain's mast.

If this is the best that British Ministers can do in summoning the nation to greater export endeavours they would be well advised to pipe down. Exports are not made by exhort drives, as could be gathered from the bored and impatient expressions on the faces of the eminent audience that had been mobilized to listen to the Prime Minister at the Church House meeting.

A real problem none the less exists. British exports have been going up and up, but not enough. They have failed to keep their share of the world market of manufactured goods. That in itself need not cause us too much worry. Every country in the world to-day wants to leap from economic barbarism to the industrial nuclear age within the space of a few five-year plans. As industrialization spreads throughout the world it is not altogether surprising that the country in which the industrial revolution began should be losing part of its share of the trade in industrial goods.

Far more important is the fact that the rise in British exports has failed to keep pace with the rise in imports. The "gap" about which the Ministers will be exhorting us in the weeks ahead is due much more to excessive imports than to an inadequacy of exports. Part of the explanation of the recent rise in imports is the removal of restrictions on imports of dollar goods. This was a long overdue move and there can be no going back on it; but it has disclosed the fact that there is a curiosity demand for all kinds of gadgets made in U.S.A. It will exhaust itself soon enough.

The main reason for the widening gap is that the home market has been too good. It is pulling in too many articles from abroad; it is also consuming at home some of the things that ought to have been exported. It will need more than the Prime Minister's exhortations to induce a manufacturer who can sell profitably at home to tackle the much stiffer problems of export sales, particularly if they bring no greater reward.

In the hard world of business a surprising number of things are done *pro bono publico*, but not a consistent policy of selling on less remunerative terms in one market than another. The best way to close the gap therefore is to make the home market a little less lush and buoyant than it was a few months ago. In this the Government and the Bank of England are succeeding and the actions they have taken are worth a thousand speeches.

In the Country



Worm Party

EVERY fisherman since Walton has known all about catching worms on the grass after dark. This makes it the more surprising that the columnists of gracious living haven't yet seized on this simple outdoor pastime as the focal point of a summer's evening party on the patio. For worm catching can be fun.

The time to introduce a worm-hunt is when dusk has fallen, the grass is moist, and the guests and the drinks are just getting the slightest bit mixed. Judging his moment carefully, the host should then produce a pound jam-jar and small flashlight apiece and explain the rules.

The principles are simple and unchanging. Lobworms are rather like old-fashioned submarines in that they have to wait until after dark to surface and recharge their batteries, and for much the same reason. Until thrushes and blackbirds discover radar, worms know that when the dew falls and only bats and owls are airborne they are safe from aerial attack.

Surfaced worms are, however, constantly at action stations. They have their ear to the ground, and they are

There is an industry which at the moment is making its very full and no doubt profitable contribution to the closing of the gap. It is the catering and hotel trade now engulfed by the foreign visitors swarming over Britain. In recent years its standards of food, service and accommodation have risen impressively. Alas, the supply is still quite unequal to the demand; but for those who do supply that should mean capacity business and good profits.

As investors, therefore, spare a thought for such shares as Trust Houses to yield 3.8 per cent, Savoy Hotel to yield 3.9 per cent, Lyons, also giving 3.9 per cent, Associated Hotels to yield 2.9 per cent, and M.F. North to yield 3.9 per cent. All these companies are reconciling their efforts *pro bono publico* with their duty to their shareholders.

— LOMBARD LANE

ready for a crash-dive. In fact they keep one end permanently tucked into the hole from which they have lately emerged. Down this they can disappear at a speed that surprises the novice.

Fortunately, worms are rather stupid about lights. The hunter's technique is to creep silently about the lawn—tennis shoes are essential for serious work—peering closely at the spot illuminated by the flashlight. On detecting a worm fully extended on the grass, the hunter must freeze. He should then look along the worm until he has decided which end disappears into the ground, concentrating on this spot and ignoring everything else. With thumb and forefinger poised with barely a worm's breadth between them, he must pounce at the worm's anchor point, closing on the quarry as it pythons between the grasp back to base.

At first you will miss many chances since the worm invariably starts to move as soon as you do. Once you have mastered grass hunting you can progress to more advanced stuff in the flower beds.

I have sometimes found that women guests who make excellent stalkers are reluctant, even after an inoculation with very dry Martinis, to come to grips with a worm. A way round this difficulty is to let your guests hunt in pairs, the women holding the flashlights.

The evening's bag should be collected and placed in damp sphagnum moss until you can get a chance to offer it to chub, barbel, or even trout. On rare occasions guests will want to take a brace or two home. One way to prevent this is to ensure that you don't invite anglers.

— COLIN WILLOCK



Considering the immense physical and psychological difficulties . . . of capturing wild and independent creatures . . .



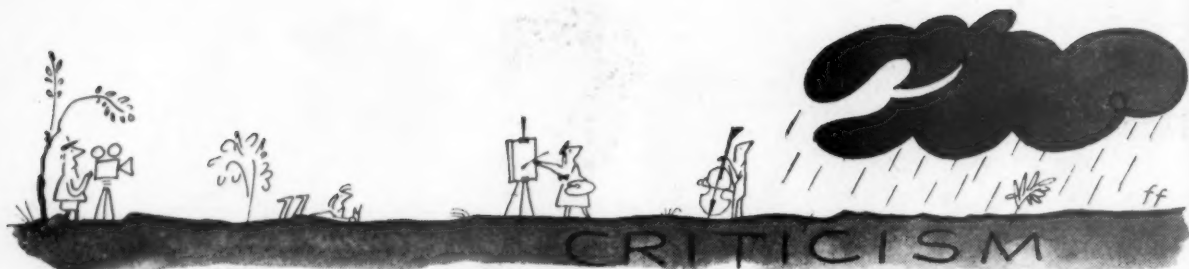
breaking their spirit . . .

and bending it to one's will . . .



one wonders why so many of the gentle sex devote such energy . . .

to acquiring the art.



AT THE PICTURES

Shadows

THIS time—as I've had to say before when writing within two or three weeks of a Bank Holiday—it's difficult. The only new film I took any real pleasure in is one that was on for just three days at the National Film Theatre. Whether the ordinary reader—let alone the ordinary reader, outside London, who isn't a member of a film society—will ever get a chance to see it I simply don't know. But in a week like this (I'll particularize later) most of the space must certainly go to *Shadows* (Director: John Cassavetes).

It is one of the most impressive, vital and moving things I've seen for years. At the fadeout, there is a title: "The film you have just seen was an improvisation," and if you want to dig in to the making of it you find it was indeed improvised by a group of young people who could be in life very much like the characters we see them playing in the film. But the main thing, as I always insist, is the result, the final effect, the work of art itself. If something seems good, it's fatuous to wait, before admitting you liked it, until you are quite sure it was done according to the rules. The conjurer didn't *really* saw the lady in half. Well? Do you want your money back?

Here is a family of two brothers, Hugh and Ben, and a sister, Lelia, who live together. Hugh (Hugh Hurd), the head of the family, is an obvious Negro; the other two are almost white-skinned and can "pass." Hugh is a singer, on the way down, taking jobs he hates in cheap night-clubs, pathetically trying to impress with a song when all the customers want is to see the girls. Ben (Ben Carruthers) drifts about with a couple of companions, clowning, picking up girls, arguing in coffee bars, fighting, with no idea of any aim in life. There is a brilliantly comic episode here when the listless talk of the three develops into a conviction that what they need is a bit of Culture, and on the spur of the moment they go to the Museum of Modern Art and stare at the statues. Lelia (Lelia Goldini) is seduced by a young white man she meets at a party, and, after the first misery, loves him—and then we see her face in close-up watching his shocked reaction as he meets Hugh for the first time.

There is an extraordinary air of reality about these people and their surroundings.

Sensitively directed "improvisation" captures with striking accuracy the mood for instance of a literary party, but succeeds above all with some of the most simple, visually static conversation scenes, in showing how a casual exchange of common-places or catch-phrases can become in a few moments something almost hysterically funny, and then blow up in a sudden flash of bad temper. But that is only on the surface; the film's radical merit is that it makes us know these characters and their lives as well, in depth, feeling their tragedies or triumphs as if they were friends. It ought to, it *must* be given a general public showing—and not by a company that advertises it with a floodlit "X" and a picture of a bed-scene, either.

As for those that are available . . . My blind spot for Biblical "epics" I've mentioned before; so all who like them may happily disregard me when I say that the half-hour which was all I could bear of



Sir Lancelot Spratt—
JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE

PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of *Punch* contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for January to June, 1960, may be obtained free on application to the Circulation Manager, PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Readers who have their copies bound in the standard binding covers need *not* apply. The indexes are supplied with the covers.

The Story of Ruth seemed much the usual sort of thing except for rather more signs of contempt for the audience (the row of priestesses like a beauty chorus, close shots of muscular slaves under the lash). The other two are British funnies, and though *Follow That Horse!* (Director: Alan Bromly) is not good and has many shortcomings, I found it infinitely preferable to *Doctor in Love*, which pretends to be another in the "Doctor" series but is pretty obviously grovelling among the chocolate-smeared shoes and chip-packets under the seats in search of people for whom *Carry On Nurse* was too subtle. It'll find them, all right—thus making it necessary to go a bit lower next time, and convincing a few thousand more (the number mounts gradually) that films, all films, films as such, are just not worth bothering about. *Follow That Horse!* is an empty little comedy with type-characters, but it has touches of real brightness, scenes that begin well and then lose their fun in over-emphasis. It doesn't jell. But I give it higher marks than *Doctor in Love*, which is really *expensively* cheap—colour and good players wasted on trying to attract those whose idea of something really funny is a string of ingeniously-contrived verbal and visual references (oh, I don't deny the ingenuity, or the skill), superficially quite clean, to simple more or less off-colour jokes.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
In London: *Inherit the Wind* (20/7/60) I would say is the outstanding one, though *Black Orpheus* (8/6/60) is diversely brilliant in a different way. The better of the two Wilde films, *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (8/6/60), and *Roses for the Prosecutor* (13/7/60) continue.

One release is *The Story of Ruth* (see above—132 mins.); another is *The Gazebo* (102 mins.), which Peter Dickinson (13/7/60) didn't like, but I found amusing.

—RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE PLAY

Tobias and the Angel (OPEN AIR)

THAT man of iron courage, Robert Atkins, had all the luck with him for the opening of his production of *Tobias and the Angel*, at the Open Air. It may have been the presence of Gabriel, but the rain held off, and the bushy set has never looked lovelier as dusk fell and the lights began to work on the different colours of the leaves. *Tobias* is an excellent play for this theatre, for so much of it takes place out of doors; also it needs a wide stage.

Russell Thorndike makes a splendid Tobit, a genuinely saintly old blether with humour and a fine voice. It is a pleasure to listen to him speaking, but even so I thought the early part of the play, before Gabriel goes into action in support of Tobias, dragged rather and seemed a little wordy. Once Gabriel got to work, however, Bridie's skill as a story-teller took charge. It is still exciting to see the bandit put to flight, and Sara wooed and Asmoday spectacularly seen off; and the end is still charming, in the unsentimental way in which Bridie could deal with the romantic. A nice new quip in this production is to show Gabriel's pursuit of Asmoday (that he later describes in exalted fighter-pilotes) by firing two Very lights, that sail out across the sky.

Alan Judd's clear voice and solid dignity make him a good choice for Gabriel. It is a striking moment at the end when he flings off his black cloak and announces himself, white-robed against the trees. Tobias is played with spirit by Michael Picardie, and Anna, Tobit's wife, by Hester Paton Brown as a very long-suffering woman, as indeed she was.

This play is much to the taste of children, and Mr. Atkins is wise to time it with



The Archangel Raphael—ALAN JUDD

Tobit—RUSSELL THORNDIKE

find this was untrue, and hope to be forgiven. Faith in a political history of my youth, believed to be reliable, led me astray. This heretical volume has now been burned.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
Ross (Haymarket—18/5/60), Rattigan on T. E. Lawrence. *A Passage to India* (Comedy—27/4/60), brilliant adaptation of E. M. Forster's novel. *Oliver!* (New—6/7/60), the best musical for some time.

—ERIC KEOWN

REP. SELECTION

Little Theatre, Bristol, *The Grass is Greener*, until August 6th.
Belgrade, Coventry, *The Fourposter*, until July 30th.
Bromley Rep., *Towards Zero*, until July 30th.
Castle, Farnham, *Bachelors Are Bold*, until July 30th.

the holidays. For those who do not know the technique of keeping warm at the Open Air, the thing to do is hire a sixpenny blanket and make a Cornish pasty of yourself in it, folded once. The blanket, I mean.

I must apologize to the shade of Sir Thomas More, to Mr. Robert Bolt, who has charitably not protested, and to all those who have, for the statement in my notice of Mr. Bolt's play, *A Man for All Seasons*, that Sir Thomas was an enthusiastic burner of heretics. I am very glad to

ON THE AIR

Gilding the Dandelion

SURPRISINGLY enough, I cannot think of anything more pompous and phony on the little screen than Donald Pleasence's introductions to the plays in "Armchair Mystery Theatre" (ABC). Evidently deriving from the cute gambollings of Alfred Hitchcock which preface the thrillers in "Hitchcock Presents," these stony-faced and unnatural chats (Pleasence contrives to resemble a demented clown who has just wiped off his make-up after secretly strangling a couple of acrobats) are no doubt designed to send chills of terror down the spines of viewers. But are we such fragile idiots that we must have our minds carefully prepared for us before we receive our twopenny-ha'penny dollops of bloodstained melodrama?

This passion for tarting up programmes, particularly on the part of ITV, grows tiresome. Quite often, by the time I settle down to watch a play, I realize that I already know so much about it that I might just as well be out in the garden after greenfly. I have read the story of the author's life in *TV Times*, with particular reference to his difficulties in finding a flat and an account of the rib-tickling behaviour of his eldest poodle; I have watched a trailer of the big scene three times in among the commercials; I have read a résumé of the plot by the producer (who thinks it's marvellous), also in *TV Times*; from the same source I have gleaned the vital information that the elderly Austrian blackmailer who shoots an artist's model is actually only a thirty-year-old actor from Birmingham whose hobby is swimming under water, and that the artist's model is an actress who in real life has never been shot at all ("It is quite a new experience for me," said smooth-complexioned Anita as we sipped coffee, out of cups, in her four-walled Hammersmith sitting-room. "And won't viewers be pleased when it turns out that I'm not dead at all, and come in at the end just in time to rescue the detective!"). Finally, under the cast list, I have read an inch and a half of anonymous prose something on these lines:

Who is the mysterious stranger who keeps mice in his wardrobe? Handsome Ken Bullet determines to find out—but reckons without the interference of curvaceous Sally Wynsome, whose love



"I'm not sure we haven't taken a wrong turning somewhere."

for an airline pilot masquerading as a shady stamp-collector nearly has disastrous consequences when Harry's foot-prints are found on a carved Sumatran dagger. Murder swiftly follows, and Ken has his work cut out to solve the secret of Buck Clumber's walking-stick (is it all it seems?) before the time-bomb explodes in Marjorie's shopping-basket.

After that the very last thing I want to do on this earth is actually to watch the confounded thing; and if in future I am to be confronted also by distinguished actors sitting there like sinister uncles to get me in the mood I will certainly rebel. I will form a Viewers' Anti-Brain-Washing Society and bring down the ratings, with any luck, by very nearly '0072. Meanwhile I record my sorrow that an artist of Mr. Pleasence's accomplishments (heaven help us, he is at this moment appearing in *The Caretaker*!) should make himself a party to such seedy goings-on.

Summer-time is here with a vengeance, and has brought the BBC out in a rash of repeats. Hancock, "Monitor," Sir Lawrence

Bragg, "Face to Face," and now "Summer Theatre"—a series of new productions of plays "that have already proved popular." The first of these, Elaine Morgan's *You're a Long Time Dead*, from the West of England studio, laboured under the weight of an exaggeratedly neurotic display by Kenneth Griffith, who seemed to take the preposterous story too seriously. Rachel Roberts, as his wife, didn't put a foot or an eyebrow wrong in a performance that was well observed and witty, but the Drama Department will have to get some more solidly built craft than this on the stocks if the series is to succeed.

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Cinema": Odeon, Warrington.

"Punch in the Theatre": Opera House, Scarborough.

The XIII Salone Internazionale Dell'Umore, at Bordighera, Italy, includes 50 *Punch* drawings on holidays.

Revivals must be first class, or there can be no excuse for them.

I almost forgot. Last week the BBC treated us, on four successive evenings, to repeats of "Russ Conway" shows, originally seen in April, and I'm sure we were all delighted to find that they had hardly dated at all. The fascination of these musical bromides lies partly in the demeanour of Geoff Love, who strikes me as being more pleased with himself than any other conductor in the business (not altogether without reason, since his orchestra is beautifully drilled and balanced); and partly in Russ Conway's own unique and particular talent, which is devoted to making all tunes sound exactly alike. Mr. Conway is obviously dedicated to this solemn task, and by sheer hard work, combined with a charming shyness of manner, he has become an idol. For myself, I would sooner watch a mile and a half of ever-so-pretty wallpaper being slowly unrolled. The effect would be the same, and there wouldn't be nearly so much noise.

—HENRY TURTON

BOOKING OFFICE

THE PEOPLE, THE BOOK AND THE LAND

By JOHN CONNELL

Israel, a Blessing and a Curse. Hedley V. Cooke. *Stevens*, 25/-
No Alternative; Israel Observed. D. R. Elston. *Hutchinson*, 25/-

THESE two books are both studies of the emergence and growth of the State of Israel. Neither author is Jewish; both have long experience of and close personal ties with Israel. Mr. Cooke arrived in Jerusalem first in 1943, as American Consul; Mr. Elston, an English journalist and broadcaster, in the same year, to take charge of the highly unsecret "secret" radio station which that remarkable organization, P.W.E., had earlier established in a convent over the crest of Mount Zion. Mr. Cooke has been back and forth often in the years since, and has married an Israeli wife. Mr. Elston stayed on after P.W.E. was dissolved, wrote day after day a memorable column in the English-language newspaper called the *Palestine Post*, becoming anathema to the British authorities in 1947-48 and trusted by the Jews; and from 1948 to 1958 was *The Times* correspondent in Israel. These personal facts are relevant, because both books are steeped in that sense of association and commitment which Ronald Storrs once summed up in the sentence, "There is no promotion after Jerusalem."

Mr. Cooke, a level-headed, well-educated American, has striven manfully to write an objective study; this is utterly impossible but his failure, though marked, is most honourable. He has been provoked, I suspect, by the extremes on either side in the endless Israel-Arab dispute, not merely in Israel and the Arab countries but among their supporters, the excessively "pro" Zionists, and their counterparts among the Arabists, in the United States and, nowadays to a smaller degree, in Great Britain. Beginning with these extremes he tries to make an orderly assessment of Israel's position in the Middle East, and in world politics as a whole, at the present time. He examines "pro" and "anti" propaganda, and considers its relation to the real facts

of which he is cognisant. Nobody, on this factual plane, could regard as flattering the portrait which he draws of Israel. His comments on Israeli principles and policies are very candid; his conclusions are astringent to the point of shock. Taken out of the emotional subsoil in which his views are rooted, Mr. Cooke's comments and his conclusions are likely to wound many good and devoted friends of Israel, but his own integrity is not to be impugned. He has written with great candour but without spite. The core of his purpose lies in those words from Deuteronomy XI, verses 26-28, which he quotes in the title of his book. He intensely desires Israel to prove herself at all times worthy of the blessing which Moses long ago set before this same people, and never to put herself in danger of the curse. For Israel, despite the profound longing for ordinariness which two thousand years of the Diaspora have bred in her people's hearts, merely to be (in Mr. Cooke's words) "a tolerably good

nation, with higher standards (even in actual practice) than the average" is not, in this loving critic's eyes, enough. His vision is as stern as Moses' own.

Mr. Elston possesses no such teleological aspirations. Where Mr. Cooke is taut and terse, Mr. Elston is relaxed, affectionate, urbane. There is a tranquil, civilized charm about his writing, which might seem to belie the starkness of his title. That title is completely appropriate, however, to the central episode of the book, the supreme crisis of 1948, with the end of the British Mandate, the establishment of the State and its immediate invasion by five Arab armies. The Israelis had no alternative then and they won. Yet Mr. Elston, whose own part in that heroic phase was selfless and courageous, writes about it with a gentle, almost whimsical nostalgia. It is in the quality of its perception that his book differs profoundly from Mr. Cooke's. He is aware, *in esse* as well as *in posse*, of many of those virtues for which Mr. Cooke is seeking; repose, grace, humility, tenderness beneath the hardness, a spiritual sweetness irradiating a physical beauty which never ceases to startle and challenge.

Mediterranean analogies are appropriate to this deeply Mediterranean land whither its people have been gathered in, after faring far and enduring much. Mr. Cooke is a man of the Bible, a moralizer with a mission; the voices he hears are those of the prophets, and his steps are set upon the road to the Temple. Mr. Elston is a pagan who strays in like Theocritus or Menander, and remains like Horace, to celebrate not only the glories of the State, but its people's simple joys; the hiss of the water-sprinklers on the grass, the bloom of the ripening grapes, the bloom of children's skin, the fat cattle, the well-tilled fields, and the prosperous farmsteads where once were barren hillsides and pestilential swamps.

It is quaintly significant, I think, that two non-Jews, in books by chance published almost simultaneously, should with skill and affection expose so clearly the duality at the heart of that astonishing creative adventure called the State of Israel.

RATHER HAPPY THAN WISE

A Reasonable Rebel. Carl Brinitzer. Translated from the German by Bernard Smith. *Allen and Unwin*, 21/-

"My body could have been made better by a bad artist drawing in the dark." It was cruel for a man of such

PRESENTING THE CRITICS



17—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Music, Sunday Times



vitality to be born a hunchback, but Georg Christoph Lichtenberg scorned his disability. The friend of Goethe, admired by Tolstoy, he has not deserved his obscurity, from which this charming biography rescues him.

Lichtenberg was a citizen of Göttingen, where he taught at the University. He was an all-round man in a style no longer possible: scientist, philosopher, observer of human affairs. He was an inquiring soul. At the age of ten he wrote a letter to the angels, asking "What are the Northern Lights?" Later he became one of the earliest students of electricity, and helped to invent the lightning conductor. He foresaw the aeroplane, and had some advanced ideas about dreams. Science in the eighteenth century wore a less forbidding face, and Lichtenberg was widely admired for his cheerful dissertation "Concerning the Advantages Mathematics can give to a *Bel Esprit*." When German professors make merry, however, whimsicality is never far to find. "I would pledge part of my life," wrote Lichtenberg-Faust, "to know what the average barometric pressure in paradise is."

In the poky provincial academic world in which Lichtenberg moved, certain tediums cannot be escaped: the cut-throat striving for place at which he excelled, the interminable mutton-headed theological disputes in which he delighted. Fortunately Lichtenberg was a man of some range. His philosophic calm was shaken regularly by what he called "the nonsense of the senses." In spite of his deformity, he had some success with women. He was a keen if timorous traveller. He yearned to visit Italy, but it seemed too far, so he gave his heart to England instead. In his doting regard for all things English, Lichtenberg went so far as to become a crony of the imbecile George III. They would tell funny stories to each other, laughing the empty hours away together at Kew. At Margate Lichtenberg discovered the joys of mixed bathing, and at Drury Lane he saw Garrick as Hamlet. His account of this performance is a small masterpiece of theatrical evocation.

In this instance, Mr. Brintzer merely gives the entry in Lichtenberg's diary. In many other places he is less tactful, breaking the biographer's iron rule by inventing conversations for which there is no authority. Lichtenberg's writings need no embellishing. For the English reader, they

are a genuine discovery. In spite of the title of this book, Lichtenberg was neither a rebel nor especially reasonable. His qualities were less conspicuous, perhaps more subtle. Against all the notions of his time, he held that "the world does not exist to be understood by us." He thought that life was to be lived, without too much reflection. It was an uncommon philosopher in the eighteenth century who would rather be happy than wise.

—PETER DUVAL SMITH

NEW FICTION

The Tangled Web. Betty Askwith. Gollancz, 15/-

The Householder. R. Praver Jhabvala. Murray, 13/6

The Goddam White Man. David Lytton. MacGibbon & Kee, 16/-

The African. William Conton. Heinemann, 15/-

The Tangled Web is a rum enterprise. It is a reconstruction of the secret history of the Dilke case based on guesswork; but once I got used to being on the borderline between historical fiction and fictional history I enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Crawford, whose lurid evidence smashed Dilke's political future, ended as a leading Catholic social worker and in 1919 became a Labour Councillor in Marylebone. Here she appears first as the horrified daughter who finds her mother in *flagrante delicto* with Dilke and then as the young wife who cloaks her liaison with a charming, good-for-nothing officer by her accusations against him. The atmosphere of middle-class comfort separated by the width of a row of villas from blackmailed raffishness is very well done. Perhaps the dramatic effect of this Victorian shocker is slightly reduced by the reader's being told that Dilke is a potential future Prime Minister but seeing him only in a domestic setting.

The Householder is as sweet as *The Tangled Web* is rank. Prem is a teacher of Hindi in a private school in Delhi. He is newly married, a poor disciplinarian and easily embarrassed by his strong-minded mother, his girlish wife, his old friend, who is now a frosty Civil Servant, and his new friend, who is a terribly exuberant German mystic-fancier and swami-lover. The picture of India as a child toddling its first independent steps is amusing and charming and the novel is full of delicate comedy and affectionate fun. If I were an Indian I should burn it. I remember that years

ago a reviewer referred to Mr. Saroyan's "Chic invertebracy, his 'Don't kick me, I'm only an Armenian' air" and there is something of this about Prem's feckless charm. Heaven forbid that the Indians should be replacing the Irish as the lovable incompetents of fiction.

The Goddam White Man is to be the first of three novels about the Cape. It is a savage first-person account of the rise of a Coloured boy, Johannes, from the humiliations of the slums via service in a rich white family to success as the leader of a gang. As the autobiography of a crook throwing light on the society which produces him, it has a pedigree that goes back to Defoe; but its savage tone is very different from Defoe's deadly fairness. It screams its hatred and includes in it every effort by white liberals to educate and ameliorate: the Coloureds must seize power themselves. Johannes argues that the gang is the only form of organization that will give the oppressed identity and seriously shake the power of their oppressors; but he gradually sees that the gang must not itself oppress. In verve, in polemical bite, in the effort to be just when the bile rises, in efficiency of casual description, the trilogy has opened admirably.

The African is another vivid first-person narrative, this time from West Africa, where there is far less white settlement and there is a tradition of education. The hero wins a scholarship to a British University and returns to organize and lead a political party that advocates early self-government. An election makes him Prime Minister. He is offered the leadership of an African Federal Movement but resigns all his offices and his prospects to smuggle funds into South Africa to support an anti-apartheid boycott. The story never flags and, as long as it keeps to describing the political life of an evolving society, it remains hypnotically believable. Unhappily there is a love story and a revenge story that do not carry equal conviction; however, they occupy little space. The renunciation of hatred with which the novel ends links it to the much harsher *The Goddam White Man*. —R. G. G. PRICE

The Subterraneans. Jack Kerouac. Deutsch, 10/6

There is a love-affair between Leo, a writer, and Mardou, a part-Negro girl.



They have their ups and downs and petty jealousies and that's about it, except that they split up at the end. Leo and his friends have some misgivings about Mardou's colour, which surprised me, as I assumed beatniks were too enlightened to care about that sort of thing. The style is excessively dreary, none of the characters comes to life, and the colourful, exciting lives of the artists, writers and poets of San Francisco are made depressingly monotonous. Sample: "But think of all the bad times—I have a list of bad times to make the good times, the times I was good to her and like I should be, to make it stick—when early in our love I was three hours late which is a lot of hours of lateness for young lovers, and so she wiggled, got frightened, walked around the church handspockets brooding looking for me in the midst of dawn and I ran out . . ." There are perhaps ten full-stops in the whole book. It is made to sound very wise and really says very little.

—ROY KERRIDGE

THE ROUGH AND THE SMOOTH

My Wicked, Wicked Ways. Errol Flynn. Heinemann, 21/-

Memoirs of a Professional Cad. George Sanders. Hamish Hamilton, 16/-

Confession without humility nowadays is such a commonplace means by which people in show business enlarge and exploit their notoriety that what they (or their ghost-writers) say about their "private" lives irritates more often than it shocks, and bores more often than it irritates. But this dissimilar pair of Hollywood autobiographies, the apparently genuine self-appraisals of a drunken brawling adventurer and a fastidious, lazy hedonist, constitute a fascinating, distastefully complete catalogue of the pleasures and pains of making motion pictures the hard way, with the minimum of acting and the maximum of emotional upheaval.

Neither career has been a very admirable one, considered by its own potential standards, though some of Errol Flynn's ardent gymnastics and George Sanders' urbane sneers have given countless spectators, including me, a great deal of innocent amusement. Flynn made several million dollars (he lost count), and spent them before he died last year at the age of fifty, of a heart attack, in a vodka haze, with a

girl who was not one of his wives. Sanders' earnings have been less spectacular but steadier, and once, when his customary polished, supercilious performance closely suited his role (in *All About Eve*), he won an Oscar. "The blunt truth," he blithely acknowledges, "is that I always play myself."

Flynn was born in Hobart, Tasmania; Sanders in St. Petersburg. Both of them were partly educated in England. Both briefly knocked around aimlessly as young men, Flynn in South-East Asia, Sanders in South America. Both returned to England and appeared on the stage and eventually received offers to go to Hollywood. Sanders developed a prose style most notable for smooth formality and ornate circumlocution well fitted to his grand and weary public cynicism. The significant word in the title of his book is surely "professional"; the caddishness seems spurious; but he seems neither convincingly casual nor candid when he writes that he had to try five psychiatrists before he found one that suited him, but he had had "far more trouble" finding a suitable shirtmaker.

Flynn's account of his enthusiastic, merciless and catastrophic life is recorded in the ribald, immature manner of a decayed playboy telling Hemingway anecdotes in a Third Avenue bar in the vain hope that he can convince toughs for whom he is buying drinks that he is tough too, really.

Flynn's acts of aggression and Sanders' acts of withdrawal, as described in these

books, seem to be expressions of the horrible fears that are never hinted at in the fan magazines but exist in the Hollywood fantasies of Evelyn Waugh and Nathanael West and, of course, in Hollywood itself.

—PATRICK SKENE CATLING

FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Shakespeare's Public. Martin Holmes. John Murray, 25/-

Mr. Holmes bases this study of Shakespeare on an examination of the types of audience for which the plays were written, which often throws surprising light on plots and allusions. The two parts of *Henry IV*, for instance, were aimed very differently because when the second part came to be printed the theatre had been moved from Finsbury south of the river. Mr. Holmes defends the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* against his detractors; the Queen had commanded a play for women, and wanted to see an old lecher taught a lesson.

This stimulating book is inspired by the most delightful kind of scholarship—witty and original and quite undogmatic. Its effect is to bring Shakespeare much nearer to us in time, and it constantly throws up ideas that make immediate sense; such as that the Fool in *Lea* may have been thought of only when Shakespeare realized he had lost his best boy actor, as Cordelia in France, until the end of the play.

—ERIC KEOWN



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

Fat or Fit?

A LOT of American women, sudden victims of unprecedented prosperity and surplus poundage, have gone hog-wild over nutrition. My Aunt Betsie of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, is one of the wildest, and, because of her iron influence, so am I. Aunt Betsie happens to be neither very prosperous nor very fat but she is a lady who is a born crusader and proselytizer, and she is devastatingly thorough in both roles. Among her past causes have been Woman's Suffrage, racial equality, a Woman for Vice-President, and her own Association for Leaving the Word Obey out of the Marriage Service. In the light of all the work that she has done for this last organization it is rather sad to have to report that she has never married.

As Aunt Betsie's favourite niece I've always been the first target of her passion for reform. She writes to me once a week, keeping me up on the latest developments in whatever her current interest happens to be. Now that it is nutrition she snows me under with pamphlets, periodicals, and order-forms from those Old-This-and-That Mills around the countryside—places you can send to for unprocessed foods, stone-ground, whole-grain breads, cold-pressed oils, etc. I receive articles and books on alcoholism, tobacco, drugs, and cholesterol. I have innumerable lists of foods high in cholesterol and foods low in cholesterol, and actually I have lost all track of which is which and have probably got an appalling cholesterol count this minute, due to getting the two lists mixed up.

For a while Aunt Betsie and I slavishly followed the first of our really vocal nutritionists, Adelle Davis, starting with her book *Let's Cook It Right*, which disrupted my entire kitchen at once. "Buy no cooking utensils of iron

or enamel," warned Adelle, "iron contains copper; enamel cracks and exposes copper . . . Copper destroys vitamin C the instant it comes in contact with it; yet copper is exposed at the surface of almost all kitchen spoons, knives, colanders, egg-beaters, etc." So I rushed out and replaced all such utensils with aluminium and stainless steel, as Adelle directed. Then Aunt Betsie sent me Adelle's other book *Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit*, in which I read "Copper helps the bone marrow to produce red blood cells. Anæmia results if it is under-supplied. Copper also appears to aid the body in using vitamin C economically."

I brooded over this discrepancy and wrote to Aunt Betsie about it. She wrote to Adelle and got a letter from someone telling her that Adelle was in England for six months. Then Aunt Betsie wrote to fifteen manufacturers of kitchen ware and informed me indignantly that no two of them agreed on (1) whether there

really is copper exposed in iron, and (2) whether the copper can hurt you if it's there. Before I could come to any decision on my own, Aunt Betsie suddenly got bitten (figuratively speaking) by the Vermont doctor, D. C. Jarvis, author of the best seller *Folk Medicine*. She sent this book to me, of course, and I immediately forgot about copper, aluminium, iron, and even vitamins, for Dr. Jarvis convinces you in one sitting that apple cider vinegar and honey mixed with a dash of cold water is the answer to *everything*. His list of ailments curable by this draft: ptomaine poisoning, arthritis, indigestion, pyelitis, insomnia, overweight, sore throat, dizziness, sinus trouble, heart trouble and the discomforts of early pregnancy. It is also an aid in curing skin rashes and any old aches and pains—you just rub it on.

So now I nip away at vin-and-honey all day long, and though I've forgotten just what I set out to palliate, I feel fine, and what more can you ask? My daily schedule at this time is as follows: before breakfast—v-and-h; at mid-morning—v-and-h and a kelp tablet (this last was urged on me by some other book from Aunt Betsie, long since lost; but anything that tastes as bad as kelp must be good for you, so I stick with it); at mid-afternoon and again at the cocktail hour—v-and-h; and at bed-time—v-and-h, a slug of yogurt, and a Scotch and soda.

If only Aunt Betsie will leave me alone now, and not send me any new information, I think I'll make it—not to three-score-years-and-ten, probably, because I've never been as tough as Aunt Betsie, but up to the three-score mark, possibly, or somewhere near it.

—WINIFRED WILLIS

Dustbin . . . for the disposal of

IT was that clever magazine article on hygiene that started it. All those nasty scares about germs carried by flies. I watched the insects buzzing hysterically round our sour-smelling rubbish.

I went out, after reading the article, straight to Timothy Brown, and ordered a brand new shining dustbin. I vowed that my small son should never again use the lid as a defence against any invader, be it the boy next door or the fiercest Roman warrior. Flies and germs were my enemy. I flitted DDT as hard as

I could go round the small yard. The following Monday I put the old dustbin outside with a large notice telling the dustman I no longer required this receptacle and would he please take it away with the rubbish.

Monday afternoon I find my old dustbin waiting for me, its ill-fitting lid cocked defiantly on one side. A week later I put the ugly old thing out again with an even larger notice, well fixed with adhesive tape. This time the dustman knocked on the door, saw me

surrounded by howling infants and said "Sorry, miss, can't do it." My old bin, its handle leering sideways, laughed at me.

Have you ever tried picking up a dustbin single-handed? I have rather short arms. My dustbin is fat and unaccommodating. I tried a waltz technique. A little close hugging, stomach pushing and balance-retention with the aid of each foot, alternatively. It was unsuccessful, and dirty.

Next I put it behind me—or rather I walked defiantly in front of it. I put my arms backwards and I felt like a doll with its face the wrong way. Bending forward, in a position anticipating a low dive, I endeavoured to attach the object to my back. I seemed to curve in the right direction, but my arms in their unnatural position crept up the bin ineffectually. The bin refused to move. The lid, of course, clattered to the ground and started rolling down the hill to the main road. I got there first in undignified haste.

After a little practice in the yard the dustbin and I came to a working agreement. I managed to push and pull and drag it down the road. I left it outside a neighbour's house; a particularly disagreeable neighbour. Two eyes through the net curtains reduced me to a state of panic. I pushed and pulled and dragged it back again.

My husband was not particularly co-operative. "You had to buy a new one. You get rid of the old one," he said. A thought, simple enough in essence.

Now that I had acquired some technique in dustbin transportation I became more ambitious. I tried dragging it up the hill, and even round the corner. As soon as the streets were clear I intended leaving it and running. If people expected to find skeletons or abandoned babies they would just be disappointed. I returned to my plan in the early hours of the morning when at last the streets were deserted.

When I went to bring in my milk the bin was sitting outside my front door. My name and address were clearly marked on the inside of the lid; punishment for not having implicit trust in our local "Health Department."

I scratched the lettering until it was illegible and went for what now seemed to be my daily rolling, pushing walk down towards the park. Perhaps I could leave it by the gates, somewhere. Passers-by looked curiously at me. My confidence lost, I self-consciously dragged the bin back up the hill again to my own house. However, the bin and I were getting along quite smoothly now.

We seemed to have rolled out our difficulties. Several pairs of eyes looked through several curtains. Dear God, what could I do?

I thought of a Personal announcement in *The Times* or maybe a little notice in a newsagent's window. But people would suspect either a Communist code message or an evasion of the consequences of the Wolfenden Report. I might get undesirable callers.

Then I remembered good honest Mrs. Bloggs. She had never yet been known to refuse a gift, be it horse or stale bun. I composed a delicate note suggesting the bin might come in useful to her and would she like her Alf to come and collect it one day. I dragged it back into my yard.

Alf came. He left a nice little thank-you note. Took away my new dustbin. The dear old one still stands in the yard, literally splitting its sides.

— CHARLOTTE LESSING

Droppers-in

DROP in for breakfast, do!
Trouble? Of course it's not;
Another egg or two,
A topped-up coffee-pot—

Drop in for lunch, rather!
It's only salad stuff,
What could be easier?
Dash it, we've tins enough.

Drop in for dinner, yes!
Sure, we can manage fine;
A quick risotto mess,
Easy, and then some wine—

Drop in for tea? Oh no!
The bread-and-butterly!
The finding cups that go!
The fuss of *having* tea!

— ANGELA MILNE



"I thank God for television. He used to sit and stare at me like that."

Toby Competitions

No. 124—It Broadens the Mind

PROVIDE up to 120 words of a brochure issued by the government of an imaginary country designed to persuade tourists to visit it.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one guinea book token. Entries by first post on Wednesday, August 3. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 124, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 121

(*Splendid Composition*)

Comments, meant to be bright and interested, on a friend's holiday snapshots were requested. The response was impressive numerically, but not in quality. Something of the seaside postcard brand of humour seemed to have crept in fairly frequently. The leaning tower of Pisa, mistaking the face of the returned tourist's wife for something else, and beach pollution were recurring themes. The winner,

who scored for brevity—some entries were unrealistically long—was:

MISS PATRICIA BREWER
41 HARRINGTON ROAD
LONDON, S.W.7

1. "How starkly subtle!"
2. "Yes, I see what you were after."
3. "What drama in those shadows!"
4. "The unfocused method is always so arresting."
5. "Ah!" (Uttered with a sigh of rapture.)
6. "How DO you do it?"

The following are awarded book tokens:

1. "What I like about these pictures is that they're not simply technical *tours de force*."
2. "Was that snap as spontaneous as it looks?"
3. "You're very wise, I think, to concentrate on people. After all, you can always buy castles and cathedrals on post-cards, can't you?"
4. "Ah, yes—waterfalls are essentially elusive. You've hit this one off very well."



5. "Did you ever read *Cold Comfort Farm*? Mind you, that was going to the other extreme."
6. "D'you feel encouraged by your results this time? I've an idea you do."

Roger Till, 14 Western Hill, Durham

1. "Funny the way sunbathers' feet in a snap always remind me of Picasso's Classical Period."
2. "How clear! You can read even the car-numbers."
3. "Oh, I say! You know, I've never been able to get a good picture of waves."
4. "Towering, simply towering! Higher than any we saw."
5. "Seven rolls. Seven whole reels, and not one like that."
6. (*With vague gesture*) "I mean, it looks like sand. As for me, I've tried and tried." (*Shrug.*)

R. A. McKenzie, 28 Harold Road, Beulah Spa, London, S.E.19

1. "Oh, look, a piece of face in the bottom corner—quite Picasso."
2. "I never knew there was a leaning church tower in Devonshire."
3. "How sensible to leave John's feet out. They are rather big, aren't they?"
4. "What a magnificent piece of landscape. What is it?"
5. "Bobby is rather far away but it gives a wonderful idea of the size of the beach."
6. "You must have fun guessing who all these people are."

Miss M. A. Straton, 9 Eton Road, London, N.W.3

1. "Do you go in for any of these Holiday Snapshot Competitions?"
2. "Ha! The very quiddity of quaits."
3. "Karsh might have improved on the shadows, but the expression's marvellous."
4. "If I were a princess, I should want to know that photographer."
5. "The forsaken and crumbling castle. How sad life is!"
6. "*Photoneus* would have made a pot out of that."

Miss G. Prince, 87 Green Lane, Addlestone, Surrey

1. "And this is you looking divinely fresh, marketing at Perpignan. I can almost smell the Mediterranean."
2. "How shrewd of you to find out that the cemetery's the gayest place in town."
3. "What a beautifully wicked-looking young man, darling."
4. "And this is where André Gide actually lived. My dear, you have the most marvellous memory for vices."
5. "Lovely, lovely Arles! And such a Roman-looking cat crossing the arena."
6. "Darling, if you had to twist your ankle you couldn't have chosen a better place than dear Aix-en-Provence."

G. L. Lyall, 5 Weston Road, Petersfield, Hampshire

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